



Printed for J. Norris in London Bridge.

THE
Compleat *English* Secretary,
And Newest
ACADEMY
OF
COMPLEMENTS.

Containing the true ART of Indicting Letters,
suitable to the Capacity of Youth and Age.

Relating to Familiar Conversation between Friends
and Acquaintance, Husband and Wife, Children
and Parents, Masters and Apprentices, Brothers
and Sisters, and Kindred in general; also Love-
Letters on all Occasions; with others relating to
Trade and Business of all Natures, being suited in
an apt, easie, and plain Style.

Likewise Instructions for Directing, Supercribing,
and Subscribing Letters; also the Titles of Per-
sons of Quality, and all other Degrees.

With Dialogues very witty and pleasant, relating to
Love, Familiar Discourse, and other Matters for
the improving the Elegancy of the *English* Speech,
and Accomplishment in Discourse.

To which is Added,

1. The ART of Good Breeding and Behaviour, toge-
ther with Instructions for Carving Fish, Flesh, and
Fowl, after the newest Manner. 2. The *English* For-
tune-teller, as to what relates to good and bad Fortune
in Maids, Widows, Widowers and Bachelors. 3. Joy-
ful Tydings to the Female Sex. 4. A Treatise of Moles.
5. The Interpretation of Dreams. 6. The Comical Hu-
mours of the Jovial *London* Gossips, in a Dialogue be-
tween a Maid, a Wife, and a Widow, over a Cup of the
Creature.

With a Collection of the Newest Play-house Songs.

London: Printed by and for C. Brown, and T. Norris,
and sold at the Looking Glass on *London* Bridge. 1714.
(Price bound 1 s.)

I
E
ba
If
L
ar
L
th
'er
li
ou
m
w
bu
at
a
n
on

THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

R Eader, in this Book you will find Useful and Necessary Things, that no Book of the bigness, of this Nature, contains the like : If you are desirous to write to your Friends or Lovers, in an elegant smooth Stile, here you are directed in the Precedents of most curious Letters, fitted aptly to Business or Love ; so that in a little time, by reading and practising 'em, you may be expert in the way of Compiling Letters. You will find in it likewise curious Dialogues relating to Courtship, or the most modish Management of Love-Intreagues ; whereby you may proceed in Amours to the highest Perfection in whatever can be reasonably expected. It is a Book full of Variety, and many things not found in any other ; it is necessary for the Advantage and Use of Youth or Age, proper to either Sex, and helpful to both.

The Preface to the Reader.

both, and tho' but of a small Price, may yet nevertheless prove of great Value, yet may serve to recreate the Melancholly, and heighten the Pleasures of those that are disposed to Merriment; being suitable to all Constitutions and Complexions, and has in it an excellent Change of Things; so that whatever you desire of this Nature, can hardly be missed of in the Perusal of it; it may rightly be call'd, The Young Lover's Academy, or His ready Path to his Mistress's Favour, smooth and even, without stumbling, by running into abrupt Discourse, or displeasing Language. To which, for the better Recreation of the Reader, are added many curious New Songs, greatly in Request at Court, Play-houses, Balls; and in general, graceful to City and Country.

To conclude, it is such as cannot miss to please, and so I recommend it to the Reader, to improve his Knowledge in Matters of Love and Business. Vale.

THE

T H E
Compleat *English* Secretary,
And Newest
Academy of Complements.

A Letter from a Son to his Father.

MOST Honoured Father, by this I let you know, that my Separation from you has been very tedious to me; since the Distance of Place will not permit me to pay my humble Duty, and just Acknowledgment of your Love, tender Care, and Regard towards me in Person, I have made these Lines the Messenger of my Willingness in all Things to deserve, as far as in me lies, such Goodness as you have all along shewed me; I am constrained to confess, that my Deserts hitherto have not merited what you have bestowed upon me; but I shall be careful to make it the future Business of my Life to be double diligent, to perform, to the utmost of my Power, all that shall become an obedient Son, to answer the the Expectations of so indulgent a Parent; and so with my Wishes and Prayers for your long Life and Felicity, I remain, as by the Ties of Nature bound,
Your most Dutiful and Obedient Son,

S. Savage.

The Father's Answer.

DEAR SON, I have received your Letter of the 14th, and am not a little pleased with your Expressions of Duty and Obedience towards me; it is the Joy of a Father to find the Son so acknowledging, and sensible of the Benefits and indulgent Care of his Parents, and no less an Encouragement to labour for his Welfare, in which, thro' the Blessing of God, I shall be no ways wanting: I must confess, your Absence has been no less tedious to me, than to your self; but when I consider it is for your Good, I am the more comforted, that it may redound to your greater Advantage, and my particular Comfort; it will not be long I hope, ere we shall meet, and then I shall satisfy you farther of my Intentions by your Promotion, which I have already cast in my Mind, and shall not be wanting to further you in your Education, or what else shall be suitable to your Capacity, and redound to your Accomplishment and Advantage; so with my Blessing and good Wishes to attend you, I remain,

Your loving and affectionate Father,

D. C.

A Letter from a Daughter to her Mother.

Dear Mother,

I AM not a little over-joy'd to hear you are in good Health, for the Continuation of which, my Prayers are daily put up to Almighty God, as being conscious in your Welfare, on which my Happiness depends; I should have waited upon you my self in the Place of this Letter, did not urgent Affairs detain me; but with the first Opportunity, through the Blessing of God, I shall not fail in Person to acknowledge all the Favours and good Offices

Offices you have done me: I am constrained in some things of that Nature, to own my self faulty, but hope I shall be more diligent in observing my Duty, tho' in my Affections towards you, I am perswaded nothing can be amended, seeing they have never strayed from you, even in the strictest Rule: So hoping to hear from you, with the first Opportunity, I remain,

Your most obedient and dutiful Daughter,

M. G.

The Mother's Answer.

Daughter, in Receiving and Reading your Letter of the 20th pst. I have found what by your Carriage and dutiful Respect, you all along profess'd to be confirm'd, and am constrained to acknowledge my self happy in such a Child, that promises so much to the Consolation of her Parents, to the comforting my declining Years; and though you are absent from me, yet the tender Regard I always have for you continually represents you present to my Sight: Your Promotion is my Aim, and nothing can please me better than to hear of your Advancement: I could, in some measure wish indeed you were not separated from me; but in a short time I doubt not but to see you, to our mutual Contentment and Satisfaction: In the mean while I shall study what may most conduce to your Welfare; and herein you may rely, that my Care shall be nothing wanting, to do whatever my Power can comp^s, to settle you happy in the World with a good Fortune: I know your Modesty and Virtue are of Force sufficient to shield you from the insinuating Temptation of the Age, which too frequently ensnares young Women into Folly, and rely upon your good Temper, that

you may be ruled by me in all things just and reasonable, I continue to remain,

Your very affectionate Mother, E. R.

A Letter from an Apprentice to his Master in the Country.

S I R,

SINCE you enjoyned me upon your Departure, this is to let you know how Affairs proceed in your Absence. I have thought it highly concerned my Respect and Care to inform you that all things are well, and go on happily and successfully at home, I have made it (as in Obligation bound) my Diligence to be watchful and feagal to the advancing your Affairs, that at your Return, you may find nothing wanting in me: As for Trade, it has been pretty plentiful, considering the Times: And I have Care of all those Matters you left in my Charge, which have proved successful; and of which I shall be able to give you a good Account upon your Coming back; wherefore not to be too tedious in Writing to you as to Particulars, I conclude, subscribing my self,

Your most respectful and diligent,

Servant to command, B. C.

The Master's Answer.

BENJAMIN, I received your Letter of the 19th past, and am now as heretofore confirmed of your Care and Fidelity, which daily increases my Respect towards you, not doubting the least of your Diligence in the Management of my Affairs; which, in the end, will prove to your Advantage and Reputation, it being ever verified, That a good Servant maketh a good Master,

Master, and a bad one the contrary: I shall stay somewhat longer in the Country than I expected, by reason my Chapman answer not my Expectation: I need not I think bid you be diligent 'till my Return, since you are, as I have experienced, prone enough to it; for which you have so far gained my Favour and Esteem, that I highly prize your Service: So designing to return as soon as I can conveniently dispatch my Business, I remain,

Your loving Master, T. D.

A Letter from one Brother to another.

Dear Brother,

BY this I let you know, that being separated from you, the Absence has been tedious, but since I know that it is for your Health, Welfare, and Advantage, I am not so much concerned, as otherwise I should be; I esteem what occurs to you, equal with what may redound to my self, confirming it in my Thoughts as of equal Concernment, not only to me but to our Family, whose Reputation it behoves us to keep up, and augment. Our Friends here are in good Health, and desire to be remembred to you; our Prayers are for your Health and Welfare, and I hope they will prove successful. If you cannot by Reason of the Urgency of Affairs, let us have the Happiness of embracing you, at least my Request is, that your Letter may find us as often as you can, and so referring what else my Affection would express, till I see you, in all Sincerity and cordial Affection, I remain,

Your most loving Brother,

C. T.

The

The Answer.

Most Loving Brother,

I Received your Letter of the 20th past, and should think my self very much behind in Gratitude and Affection towards you, if I should not make as far as in me lies, a suitable Return, we are indeed so near allied, that nothing should reasonably separate us; nor shall any thing divide our united Hearts, though our Bodies are sometimes distant, by reason we are born to improve our Talents for each others Good and Welfare, that it may in the end be the happier Meeting when we enjoy each others Company with the greater Advantage. I have not I think been remiss in writing to you as often as my Affairs would in any measure give me the least Opportunity, nor shall I forbear to continue such brotherly Correspondence. I am exceeding glad always to hear of your Health and Happiness, as likewise of all my Friends and Relations to whom I commend my hearty Love and Affections: So resting in Hopes shortly to see you, I remain,

Your ever Loving Brother, G. S.

A Letter from one Friend to another.

Dear Friend,

I Cannot but acknowledge the many Obligations you have laid upon me, render me worthy of Blame for not writing to you oftner, but knowing your Goodness will excuse it, when I tell you, Hurry of Business and Urgency of Affairs have hindred my Willingness, and interceed with you to pardon my Failure; yet I think, so strict are the Bonds of our Friendship, that I need not make an Excuse, knowing that the Premises con-

sidered

sidered, I doubt not but your generous good Nature will frame and excuse me for. All I can desire is, that no envious Persons may have Power by scattering false Reports, or any other sinister ways, to sow the least Seed of Misunderstanding between us, but that an undisturbed Amity may remain to the End of our Lives; all your Friends with me wish the same. and pray for the Continuation of your Health and Welfare; and moreover that they may as soon as it stands with your Conveniency return to us, whose Arms are ever open to embrace you, with all the tender Affections of Love and Friendship that can inspire Mankind: And so taking my Leave at this Time, in Hopes of a more nearer and dearer Conversation, I remain,

*Your most Affectionate and
Obliged Friend, D. R.*

The Answer.

Kind Sir, and my ever honoured Friend,

YOUR extraordinary Regard of me, though unmerited, makes me at a Loss how to retaliate your Respects, which proceed more from your Generosity and good Nature, than any thing I can reasonably have merited in your Esteem, to which I solely attribute it, and must make it the future Business of my Life, to study by what means I may make it a Retaliation: A faithful Friend has in all Ages been accounted a great Happiness, and such obliging Friends as yours must not be slightly passed over; I therefore in all humble and due Acknowledgement, prize it at so high a Value, that I account it my greatest Felicity on this Side Heaven, to have so cordial a Friend, whose Faithfulness I have so often experienced, and so with my entire
Respects

14 *The Compleat English Secretary,*

*Respects to you, and all that wish us well I remain as
in all the Ties of Obligation and Friendship, I am bound.*

Your ever Cordial and Devoted
Friend to serve you,

A. G.

A Letter from one Sister to another.

Ever loving Sister,

Since your Departure, or my being absent from
you, the Time seems tedious to me, methinks
the Minutes go slowly on, and the Hours are tedious
in coming to an end, Days are Weeks, and
Weeks are Months, and Months seem Years, where-
fore I must chide you for such Delays, though I
know the Pleasure and Delights among our Friends
and Relations, are very Recreating to you. I envy
not your Happiness, but must complain your Absence
much abates that of your affectionate Sister; con-
sider then, we being so nearly knit, should not be so
long separated for any Consideration that may be
dispensed withal, however your Discretion is a Rule
to which I dare prescribe no other: Our Friends
remember all their Love and Kindness to you, and
as I may say, envies you that Happiness that detains
you from them; so that if with Convenience, and
no Prejudice to your self, you can hasten your Re-
turn, your Company will be very welcome and ac-
ceptable, especially to her, who is

Your ever loving and
affectionate Sister,

A. E.

Th

The Answer.

Dear Sister,

I Received Yours of the 24th past, and am exceeding sorry, that I have given you any Disturbance or Trouble by my Absence; I had not staid so long, but at the Importunity of our Friends; our Diversions and Entertainments indeed are very pleasing, and would be more to me, did you participate of them; however, being separated from you, abates a great Part of my Felicity, and makes me wish I sooner could have had leave to return, but cannot do it at present, without Indecency and Rudeness, which you ever knew my Nature was averse to, but I will do what in me lies to make a speedy Return, when by our long Absence, our Joy will be the more at meeting, and so with my Love and kind Respects to you, and all our Friends, I remain,

Your ever loving Sister,

E. M

A Letter from a Nephew to his Uncle.

Most kind and ever respected Uncle,

THE many Favours and Obligations you laid upon me, constrains me to render you my humble Submission and Respect, ever praying for, and wishing you Health and Welfare, hoping that you will cordially accept the unfeigned Tender of my good Wishes, and accept of what is in my Power to serve you, in Retaliation of the many good Offices you have done me; so expecting of your Commands, to do what I may to please you in all things, I remain,

Your most loving and kind Nephew,

C. D.

The

*The Answer.**Most Loving Nephew,*

I Received your Letter of the 28th past, wherein you express your self in very obliging Terms, that I cannot but let you know I am very sensible of your Respect towards me, and shall know how to value and esteem you accordingly: I am well satisfied of your Ingenuity and Discretion, and am proud our Family can boast of so ingenious and able a Person. I wish a Blessing to your Studies, and the Prosperity of all our Undertakings, and will not fail to do what in me lies, or my Station, to further you in all that I may, and countenance your Affairs; so hoping to see you with the first Opportunity, I continue to be,

*Your most loving and affectionate Uncle, G. D**A Letter from one School fellow to another.**Living School-fellow,*

Being so suddenly called away, I could not rest till I took an Opportunity to write unto you, to know how your Affairs prosper, and whether you are in good Health; our long Familiarity has bound us so strict in the Band of Amity, that I think there is no reasonable Cause can separate this our Friendship: My Desires as they have always been, are, that your Happiness may be equal with my own; and as our Pastimes have been very recreatory, so I doubt not but when our encreasing Years shall enable us to greater things, we shall be capable of assisting each other to the utmost of our Power, in what we reasonably may; my Desire is, that whatever Affairs carry your Mind away, you could at leisure times give your self up to think of your Friend, who will at all times fail to do

do the like by you, and so till it shall be my Happiness to see you, I shall rest, in Expectation of your Return,

Your loving Friend and School-fellow, C. G.

The Answer.

Dear Friend,

MY parting with you, and the rest of my Acquaintance, has not been a little tedious to me, but seeing such things may happen, as our Affairs are more or less urgent, I must take this sudden Separation for a Part of my Unhappiness, which I the rather bear with Patience, in Consideration, that upon my Return, it will create the more Endearment and reciprocal Affection; indeed, I must confess, my Company here is very pleasing, but comes short, in Apprehension of what I enjoyed in your Conversation; rest however contented for my Absence, as I will endeavour to do, for my being so unexpectedly taken from you; and I, on my part will labour, as much as in me lies, to get loose, and hasten my Return. Communicate my entire Respects and Affection to all our Associates, and tell them, it shall not be long before I shall do it my self in another Name, and so wishing you all Merriment imaginable, I subscribe my self,

Your loving Friend and School-fellow, A. D.

A Letter from one Gentlewoman to another.

Dear Madam,

I Have taken the first Opportunity to make this Letter the Messenger of my Respects, and humble Acknowledgment of the Favours I have received from you many Ways, especially, as to my Improvement in your Conversation. I think
our

our Friendship is such, that I need not enforce my self for Complements, were I capable of any such thing; my good Wishes always attend you; and if any thing be in my Power that you please to command, there shall be nothing wanting on my part for to serve you, and I shall not be a little proud to employ my self to the utmost, in what may in the least oblige you. All our Friends here are in good Health, and nothing afflicts me but your Absence, which I for my part must confess to be very tedious: But knowing your Discretion great, I cannot accuse you for taking your self from us, being so well satisfied, that it is not a little matter that detains you: I know not whether it may be Love; but if so, I am satisfied, your Prudence, in a choice suitable to your Merits, will direct you for the best, and I dare not presume to direct you; however my Wishes are that all your Undertakings may succeed to the Height of Felicity, and to say I wish you Happiness in any thing inferiour to my own, I think I should be lightly to blame; nay, rather in Friendship I admit a degree beyond, and had rather undergo a Misfortune, and the like should befall my self, than my Friend; but hoping whatever you undertake may be advantageous to your future Repose, I take Leave to subscribe my self,

*Your most affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant,*

B. C.

The Answer.

My Dear Friend,

YOU made me blush upon the Perusal of your Letter of the 20th past, you need not to have expressed your self in such obliging Terms, seeing you cannot be confident I am assured of your Affection towards

towards me. I am not at this time in doubt of your Friendship, nor insensible of what I owe to your goodness; you have at sundry times given me undeniable Instances of your Cordial Intentions, in doing me many good Offices, which I must in Gratitude acknowledge to proceed from your innate Goodness. Our Friends here wish and pray for your Health, and a prosperous Success in all your Undertakings. It is not a little pleasing, especially to your humble Servant, that Fortune strikes in with your Industry and Ingenuity, so favourably to advance you according to your Merits, and so in Confidence nothing shall be able in this Life, to sunder the Hand of Amity and Friendship, knit between us, I remain,

Your inseparable Friend to serve you, E. M.

A Letter from one Gentlewoman to another.

Most honoured, and my very worthy Friend,

SHou'd I forget to make my Letters the Messengers of my kind Respects to, and high Esteem and Value of you, I might justly be censured for my Neglect, and my real Protestations of Friendship might seem to favour of Flattery, wherefore, since in Generosity, I am constrained thus to trouble you, I hope you will take it in good part, and what I express as the Reality of my Meaning, I am confirmed you are Generous and Noble, in conserving the Actions of a Friend to the best Advantage, and therefore I rely upon your Goodness to excuse my Defect, wherein I have been any ways wanting to oblige and serve you, or excuse my Failing, as your Discretion directs. I have to my Power, performed those Commands you laid upon me, at our last Interview, and am now with some Impatience, expecting to know what I may

may be further serviceable to you in, and being once informed, my Readiness should speak my Willingness, to oblige you, as far as my poor Abilities are capable of acting on our Behalf; and so in Expectation of a few Lines at your Leisure, I remain,

*Your most humble devoted
Friend and Servant,*

C L.

The Answer.

SHould I not return you a suitable Respect to your Character, on might, Dear Friend, suppose me behind hand with you in Courtesie and Friendship, but no Business, or any Affair, however so urgent, shall delay me from the Remembrance of one who sits so near my Heart; Reason and Justice, as well as Love and Friendship, commands me to return you all the obliging Acknowledgments of a cordial Friend, which I have ever found in the greatest Emergencies; when flattering Professors, dreading the nipping Colds of Adversity have taken Wing, and fled to a warmer and more promising Climate. I am not at this Day ignorant of the Obligation you have laid upon me, nor shall be slow, like the greater part of the ungrateful World, in some measure, to retaliate the good Offices you have done me; but above all, my Endeavours shall be to imitate your matchless Friendship: I might mention many Particulars, but knowing you are ignorant of them, I shall not at this time be tedious to you, reserving what more I intend to say till our happy Meeting, which I trust will now be speedily, seeing those Affairs I conceived most difficult, prove easier than I expected, and are in a fair way of being brought to a good Conclusion.

Have

Have me heartily recommended to all our Friends and Relations, which on your part, shall not be neglected here by him who is,

Your most respectful and obliged Friend,

D. T

A Letter from a Wife to her absent Husband.

My Dear Loving Husband,

YOUR Absence has been so tedious to me, that I have been constrained to complain of it, and must chide you a little, if not tax you with Unkindness. You very well know, that a Love and Affection like mine, cannot without imputing it an Injury, brook so much Delay; hasten then your Affairs; or what if some little trivial Matters were left to another Opportunity, or to be compleated by another Hand, I think it might rather be dispensed with than our Separation. However, in the mean while, I shall not fail for your Advantage to bear it on my part, as well as I can; yet am compelled to say, I have never before in the whole Course of my Life, concluded the Hours more tedious; blame me not my Dear, for these fond Expressions, seeing my Love and Affections towards you, is so uncommon, that I cannot help it. Your Affairs go on prosperously at home, and my Care is not wanting; hasten then, and cure my Impatience to see you, and my Arms shall be open to receive you, as the great Pledge of my Happiness on this Side; and so expecting you will fulfil my Request, and earnest Desire, with all convenient Speed, I remain,

Your most passionate and loving Wife,

A. M.

The

The Husband's Answer.

Kind Wife,

I Received your Letter of the 30th past, and am not a little concerned that my Affairs have so long detained me from you, however be patient, since the Joy of Absence at our Meeting will be more transporting and pleasant; some Things have not answered my Expectation, or my Stay had been shorter; however it is come almost to a Period; be not troubled then, but compose your Mind to Calmness. I am very well satisfied, your Affections towards me are not of an ordinary Degree; but Business you know must be minded, and sometimes we must dispence with extraordinary Passion, lest by Neglect, the Advantage may slip by, that cannot be recalled: I do not flatter, if I confess that I am no ways behind-hand in my Love, and retire Affections towards so good a Wife; yet Reason ought to rule the sober and discreet, not at all times to cherish an extravagant Fondness that breaks out often into Folly; it will not be long before I shall be with you, and tell you how ill I brooked your Absence; so I subscribe my self,

Your very loving Husband, W. M.

A Letter of Advice from a Mother to a Daughter in Making a good Choice.

Daughter,

Seeing you are come to the Years of Maturity, that is, to a Woman's Estate, and absent from me, I find my self obliged to add to the rest of my Instructions and Admonitions, one Caution more, in which if you are not very circumspect, your Life may yet be made miserable, though all Things at present promise to render it happy; I am not ignorant that your Person, and the Breeding be-
 it w'd

flow'd upon you, can be long without Temptations to Marriage, against any yielding of another Nature ; I am perswaded your Virtue is Proof, and so I shall not insist to caution you that Way, but a Husband is one with whom you, when marry'd, must spend your Days perhaps in Weal or Woe : Be not then over credulous, suddenly to believe all that is proposed or said, but be circumspect in all Things tending thereto ; believe not your self, for Love is many times blind, but take the Advice of those you confide in, that are disinterested in the Matter, and try, as far as Modesty will admit, every Temper and Humour of the Party ; and pry, when he least suspects it, as well as you can, into his very Imaginations, which by his Gestures and Actions may in some measure be penetrated ; and when all this is done, If you find him a suitable Fortune, and of a complacent Humour, ingenious and Industrious, then you may hope for a good Choice, and all things promise you many happy Days ; this I have thought fit in such a Juncture, to lay down as a Precept, whereon you may, if you discreetly manage it, found your future Tranquillity ; and so I remain, in Hopes of your Obedience to my reasonable Commands,

Your loving and careful Mother, M. N

The Daughter's Answer.

Dear Mother,

I have received your Letter, and in all humble Duty acknowledg'd your Care and Watchfulness over me for my Good and Welfare, and shall ever conclude my self not only disobedient, but very ungrateful, should I not deeply ponder in my Mind, my Obligation of Love and
strict

strict Conformity to your Pleasure, by the Ties of Nature, as well as the many other Favours and Indulgencies, that have accrued to me all along, by your tender Goodness: I doubt not, but by the Blessing of God, enabling my Will and Affections, I shall always persevere in such Ways as may be pleasing to you, and particularly as to the good Counsel and Advice you have given me, about the Alteration of my Condition, when I shall find an Inclination to Marriage. I am not so young, as I am ignorant of the crafty Snares of sundry kinds, Men lay to entrap and betray the Innocency of our Sex, and could name some Examples of their Perfidiousness, when they have got their Ends and Desires; but to pass them over for Brevity sake, I shall only assure you, I shall entertain nothing of this kind, without your Privy and Advice. Your Approbation shall be my Choice, and then I doubt not but I shall succeed to my Wish; and so with my Prayers to Almighty God for the Continuation of your Health and Happiness, I subscribe my self,

Your most dutiful and
most obedient Daughter,

E. M.

A Letter from a Seaman's Wife, to her Husband on Board.

My Dear Honey,

EVer since our Parting, you may well conclude, I have been restless and uneasie; for how can a Wife be otherwise, whose Love is fixed like mine? when as she thinks on the Danger her beloved Husband must necessarily, upon many Occasions, be exposed to; when Storms arise, I tremble for Fear of a Shipwrack, for each Crack of Thunder seems to me as the roaring of Cannons;

nor

nor can I easily reckon up my particular Fears, they are so many; nor the Prayers I put up for your Safety, and happy Return: I know your Affairs will detain you from me for some Time, but I repine not so much at that, as I dread the Hazards you run upon the Ocean; nor do I doubt, but (as soon as with Convenience 'tis possible) you will hasten to me, when with open Arms of Joy, I shall be ready to receive and embrace you; and in the mean while, be as diligent as I can, to provide for all things suitable to both our Interests, that at our Meeting, every thing may prove to our Satisfaction; and so recommending you to the Protection of Almighty God, and wishing a good Voyage, and your Return, as soon as possible may, I remain,

*Your loving and very
affectionate Wife,* M. M.

The Sailor's Answer.

My Dear,

I Received your Letter, and am extremely sad to find that our Separation has not altered our Affections, but that we continue the same absent as present, though not in such a Degree of Fruition or Enjoyment, which is so great a Pleasure to me, that it makes all Difficulties and Dangers, that threaten from Seas, Skies, and Enemies, seem little; my Absence from you is the most that presses upon my Mind, to make me any Ways concerned, but since it may prove in the end advantageous to us both, I shall bear it with the more Patience; I do not at all despair, but that my Undertakings will be prosperous and successful, not only to me, but to the Benefit of my Country; however, let Providence order

B

things

things as it pleases. Let this be your Comfort that to the last Moment of my Life, I will not cease to be

Your most constant and
loving Husband,

D. A.

*A Letter of Consolation to a Gentleman upon the Death
of his Wife.*

Sir,

I Cannot be so far forgetful of our Friendip, as not upon so solemn an Occasion, to share with you in the Grief that has seized you, upon the Loss of so good and virtuous a Wife; it indeed afflicts me very sensibly, that two Persons so well joined, should so soon be parted, and that a cold and senseless Grave should embrace her who you so entirely loved; but it is the chance of fading Life, and frail Mortality, early or late, to fall into the Dust from whence we were taken: Be comforted then, since it is the Hand of Heaven that has made this unwilling Divorce, let it be your Consolation, that she lived such a Life as might not render her afraid of Death; and that her good Nature survives her; but above all, that being taken from the Cares and Troubles of this Life, she is removed to a better, where, one Day, you will (no doubt) meet her in a full Fruition of Happiness, never to be parted, where you, instead of momentary Joys, and these too with some Mixtures of Sadness shall have an unmixed endless Felicity, never more to be separated. Let these Considerations moderate your Grief, and settle your Mind, to forego for a Time, what you in all Probability will find again with so large an Addition of Happiness; so in hopes this
may

may add something towards the restraining of your Grief, for so great a Loss, I am obliged by all the Ties of Friendship, to subscribe my self a Fellow-feeler and Partner of your Sufferings, not only in this, but in all other Matters.

A. C.

The Answer.

Most obliging Friend,

Your Letter came timely to me as a Cordial to revive my Spirits, and allay in some measure those Waves of Sorrow, that beat upon so great a Loss, as you well have hinted, could not but bring with it a great Affliction: Had it been anything but so good a Wife that had been taken from me, I could have lightly passed it over, but to be unexpectedly divided from the dear Companion of my Joys, must needs go near my Heart; nor is it the least Obligation I have so faithful a Friend, that you have sympathized with me in my Grief, which I shall labour to moderate as well as I can. That she lived a virtuous Life, and made a pious End, is a great Comfort and refreshing to me, as having no Scruple, but that she is more happy, beyond all Sorrow, Affliction, or Cares of this Life: And it shall be my endeavour to follow her Example, that (as you well alledg'd) we may meet once more, never to part again. If your Letter has brought me this Comfort, your Conversation would do much more; but leaving that to your Discretion, and the Dispensation of your Affairs, I heartily subscribe my self.

Your constant and ever
obliged Friend,

W. D.

*A Letter of Consolation to a Widow, upon the Death of her Husband.**Dear Madam,*

HAVING heard of your Loss, and that you are in a mourning State, I can do less than condole with you, and become a Partner in your Sorrow; such a Loss cannot but raise a Storm of Grief in the most sedate Mind; but yet (if we rightly consider) the greatest of Afflictions are to be born with as much Patience, as Reason can guide us to, seeing no Sorrow, but what proceeds from a true Contrition for Sin, is available. We are taken out of this troublesome World, many times, as a Rescue from Evil to come; and if happy Souls have any Knowledge in the other World of our Actions in this, it cannot but make them think, that our grieving for their Departure from the Incumbrance of the Flesh, and consequently Troubles and Vexations, is an Envyng the Happiness they enjoy. It was usual for the Ancients to weep when their Children were born, in Consideration of the Misfortunes they were to endure in the Business of their Life; and to rejoyce when they went out of it, for their being freed from the ill Conveniences they would have suffered, had they lived longer: I confess, the Rule is changed with us, since a Natural Compassion will flow from our Eyes and Hearts, when we are nearly touched by the sensible Loss of a near Relation; yet if we look up to those that gave us the Blessing, we ought not to repine at the Providence that takes it from us; and moreover, there may yet be left a Blessing in Store for you, not inferiour to what you are now deprived of; so hoping you will moderate your Sorrow, and

rest

rest contented for the Loss of what cannot be recovered in this, but may undoubtedly it the next. I crave leave to subscribe my self,

Your cordial Friend and Servant, E. C.

The Answer.

Sir,

I Am very sensible of your Respect towards me, and doubt not but that you are afflicted for my Loss; however, I cannot conceive any one can be so sensible of it as my self, it coming nearer my Heart than any other; my Grief will not permit me to enlarge upon this Subject, however, I return you many Thanks for your good instructions, and shall not altogether be unmindful of them; yet cannot consent to remain insensible of the Loss of so kind a Husband, whose Memory I am resolved to conserve to the Period of my Days. So in Tears, which prevents my Writing more here, I remain,

Your Friend and Servant, A D.

A Letter to a Chapman.

MR. B. according to your Order, I have taken Care to get the Things mentioned in your Letter in a Readiness, affording them as cheap as possible I can; you must not expect Goods are all times at a Price, since it is apparent to Traders that they frequently rise on a sudden, by Reason of a Scarceness, Losses at Sea, and the like; but so it mostly happens, that if any Commodities are fallen low, Customers are very unwilling to rise, though it cannot be otherwise afforded, which makes some impose upon their Chapmen, especially in the Country, and keep them always at a certain Price; you will say, when you receive the

Parcels from me, you are used kindly, if you enquire how the Rates go, so suspecting your Directions how I may further serve you, I remain

*Your loving Friend and
very humble Servant, H. M.*

A Letter from a Factor beyond the Seas, to his Correspondent in England.

Worthy Sir,

I Have made it my Business here to be diligent in your Affairs, which has not been without Success; I have brought up all such Commodities as I conceived would turn to the greatest Advantage, but had not Effects here to make sufficient Payment, wherefore I have been constrained to draw some Bills upon you, payable as by the Bills and Letters of Advice you will find, which will soon come to your Hands; I have seen the Goods on Board, and doubt not but they will safe arrive without any Damage; pray let me have your further Orders by the first Opportunity, how I shall dispose of the Cargo. I now expect that I may have Time to prepare for the buying up of such Things as will answer, and withal let me know how Commodities go with you, that I may manage my Affairs to the best Advantage; so that in hopes I shall answer your Expectations in every thing, I take leave to subscribe my self,

Your very humble Servant,

G. L.

A Letter from a Tenant to his Landlord.

Sir,

BY this Letter I humbly crave leave to acquaint you, that this Year I have had but a very bad Crop,

Crop, which has so little answered my Expectations, that I hope you will in some measure consider my Loss, and be so favourable in some Abatements, that I may be able to support it ; it would however look unseemly in me to doubt your Generosity ; wherefore relying upon your free Temper, I submit the rest to your good Nature, having sent you what at present I am able to raise : And so hoping this will give you an Earnest of my honest Meaning, I shall take care, with the first convenient Opportunity to wait upon you, and to your more ample Satisfaction, that I am

Your honest and very humble Servant, A C.

A Letter from a Maid-Servant, to her absent Fellow Servant.

Dear Betty,

I Could not forbear but take the first Opportunity to write to you, that I might by a Line or two from you be informed of your Health and Welfare ; and must chide you withal, for leaving us upon so slight a taking of leave ; it may be you design to be married, and not to return to our Family again, but indeed if you put that Game upon us, without giving Notice, I shall take Occasion to be very angry : So hoping we shall have Notice before-hand, if you intend any such thing, or shortly to return to us as good a Maid as you left us, I continue to remain,

Your ever loving Fellow Servant, D. A.

A Letter to perswade one to marry.

YOU know very well (my Dear Susan) that I have wished you well, and my longing Desire,

Desires are to see you happily bestow'd on a good Husband, it is the only Way you can take to be settled in the World, and secure against the ill Tongues of bad People; if you have not placed your Fancy already, I doubt not but I can recommend one to you, of whom, if you do make Choice there is no Fear but you will live comfortably in the World; and so I take leave to subscribe myself,

Your humble Servant, W. G.

◆ *Citizen's Complaint to a Country Gentlewoman.*

Madam,

WERE you sensible of the Fervency of my Affection, and with that intolerable Anguish I undergo the Burthen of my Passion, I do not question but your Goodness will vouchsafe to consider my Distress, and quietly grant some Relief to your indeared Lover, who hath vowed to be your true and faithful Servant, even till Death shall deprive me of the Devotion due to your self, and I made incapable of admiring your Beauty, which above all the World is most delectable to mine Eye. I implore you, dear Madam, not to misconstrue the Time and real Meaning of my unfeigned Affection, which if your Favour please once to try, I doubt not, but that you will acquiesce with me in this Point, and conclude with me, that I am of all Lovers the most affectionate, burning with Desire of Enjoyment of that, which only is left to your dear Disposal: I mean that inestimable Gem of your Affection, which if you hold it at so high a Rate, from me your afflicted Servant, I shall be bound to curse the Hour I saw your Divine Beauty,

ty, and doublets pass out of this Life in a Hur-
rance of Sighs, to that sweet *Elizium*, which after
the Tyranny of impenetrable Beauties, only gives
to broken-hearted Lovers, some Drams of Comfort
to heal their Love-wounded Souls. Therefore, if
any tender Piny lodges in that snowy Breast, be
pleased (by your kind Answer) to allay the Storms
of my raging Passion, and for ever make him happy,
who subscribes himself,

Yours beyond Expression, W. W.

The Gentleman's Answer.

Sir,

I Have very often heard of that which now you have
manifested sufficiently, by the Smoothness and Sweet-
ness of your amorous Dialect, which though it may
seem prevalent enough in your Mind to carry on your
pretended Suit; yet it is not of such Power as to rob
me of my *Virgin Liberty*, or bereave me of my Senses so
far as to confide in the Shadow of your Complementary
Discourse. And as for the Title of *Madam*, which
you so freely bestow on me; did you but know how ac-
ceptable it is to me, you would have let *Mistress* have
served in the Room, and better had you pleased me too;
for we, that live a Rural Life, are not so fond of Court
Language or Titles as your City Dames, whose Gentili-
ty consists chiefly in Bravery and Courtship; but as to
your Suit, I desire you to desist, for I am not as yet dis-
posed to alter my Condition; but if I were, I should be
more difficult in my Choice, than for to suffer my Senses
to be captivated by a few fair Pretences, with which
your Citizens are so frequent, that I fear many of my
Sex have long, e're this, repented their Credulity. Pray
trouble me no more with your unnecessary Paper Verses,

but conclude with your self, 'tis all in vain for you to strive to win that Fort, which hitherto hath proved impregnable, notwithstanding, the violent Assaults of several Affailments. I have no more at present. but to thank you for your Love if it be real, and acknowledge my self unworthy of those commendable Applauses you have bestow'd on me, who as yet subscribe my self a perfect Libertine, absolutely free from Cupid's Tyranny.

M. G.

The Seaman's sorrowful Parting with his dear Love.
Dearer to me than Life it self,

Could my flattering Tongue express the Sorrow of my bleeding Heart, that now must be compell'd to leave thee, and expose my self to the Hazard of the Sea, and the uncertain Fortune of War, which, though both have proved very fatal to thousands, yet the greatest of my Fear is, lest thou that art the Joy of my Heart, the Comfort of my Life, and the absolute Treasure of my Soul, shouldst in my Absence, in any measure miscarry, or make thy Life uncomfortable, by suggesting of what Evil might befall him, who is so perfectly thine, that he cannot say his Soul is his own; for in thy Happiness rests my Bliss; and should the least ill Fortune attend thee (except this of my Absence) it would unavoidably prove my Ruin; but since the Divine Powers were so kind, as to bring us together, and to make such an Union in our Hearts, that nothing but an unwelcome Death can separate, why should we doubt of that Blessing which hath attended thousands so link'd in Amity, that nothing in this World could separate? Let us then hope for the best, that a Time may come to compleat those Joys that cannot be perfected by the Nuptial Ceremony, which, I hope, will inseparably

bly

bly unite us at my Return, to the Satisfaction of our Souls, and fulfilling the Laws of our Queen and Country. In the mean time, my Dearest, rest free from all Jealousies and Fears, which will only help to augment thy Disquietness, who are the very unwelcomest Companions to a rational Body. So think not my Voyage tedious, nor my Absence long, for at my Return, I freely will put a Period to my own Discontentment, and hope to furnish thee with such a Stock of Joy and Comfort, that may never decrease nor change. In the mean time rest certain of my unchangeable Love, and assure your self, that I am, and will be,

Tours to serve, love, and honour till Death,

R. L.

The Seaman's Love's Answer.

My Dearest,

THE Thoughts of thy sudden Departure, doth so exceedingly afflict my Love-wounded Soul, that I want Words to express the Sorrow I conceive, least the raging Seas should swallow up my Hopes, and deprive me of that, which next to my immortal Soul, I dearly grieve. Oh that the Smiles of Heaven would so hang over my Head, as to equalize my Happiness with theirs, who, before we were in the like Distress, yet met with such happy Fate as to have their Joys redoubled, by the safe and happy Return of their Dear Love, which if ever I live to see, will make me the happiest of all my Sex. Oh that my loving Wishes might fill thy Sail; and that my Prayers might conduct thee safely into thy desired Haven; that, in the end, I might be blest with that which would be more acceptable to me than

than the Possession of the whole Universe ; till then I shall take no Rest ; till then all Pleasures will seem but Pains ; and without thee, I shall be like a Creature without a Soul ; for in thy Sight is the Compass of my Felicity, and in thy Absence I shall be deprived of all Comfort. O consider with thyself, my Dear, that in thy Ship thou carryest now with thee, the richest Freight that ever was exported from this our Island ; and should it miscarry, the World would be robbed of the Pattern of Loyalty. Oh dispatch and return, that my Adventure with thee may produce such Advantage to me, as may be more acceptable to me, than all the Riches of both Indies ; I mean the Enjoyment of thy dear self, which alone can make me happy, and I shall be of all Creatures most unfortunately miserable, and I shall languish in the Depth of Despair. Let not one Minute pass in the whole Voyage, without thinking on thy poor Dear, who hath vowed in Spight of all Opposition, to be thine for ever.

S. C.

A Complemental Discourse between a Young Man and a Maid, at a chance Meeting.

Man. Good Morrow Mistress.

Maid. Good Morrow to you Sir.

Man. Think it not strange (Mistress) I should speak the Truth, and tell you, that I have a long time been broiling in the Flames of my ardent Affection towards your dear self, and never had the

Oppor-

Opportunity or Happiness to discover my Love before this time; which I hope Fortune has favoured me for a good End.

Maid. *You talk merrily, Sir.*

Man. I am so far from merry Discourse, that if I thought you accounted it Mirth, it would absolutely break my Heart.

Maid. *Mens Hearts are not so soon broken.*

Man. Have you never heard of any that died for Love?

Maid. *Yes, some of my own Sex.*

Man. And no Men?

Maid. *Menseldom love at that Rate.*

Man. But it is too true that I do; and if you do not consider my Passion, woe is me for ever.

Maid. *O, Sir, this will not do with me.*

Man. The harder is my Fortune, for I do not pretend one Syllable more than Reality.

Maid. *If I thought so, then ———*

Man. O what then my Dear.

Maid. *Perhaps I could love you.*

Man. Never doubt it my Dearest, for I swear by all that's good, my Affection is sincere, free from all Manner of Deceit, and there can be nothing more troublesome to me than to think that thou shouldst question it.

Maid. *I can do no less than doubt it.*

Man. Why so? dear Heart.

Maid. *Because 'tis so often seen that Young Men prove faithless, and have no sooner gained their desired Ends, but their Affection groweth cold, their Minds change, and they clearly forget what before they had vowed and swore to.*

Man. The more is the Pity, but my Affection

is

is without Blemish ; and I hate the Thoughts of Disloyalty.

Maid. *Others have said so too.*

Man. Ay, may be so.

Maid. *Ay, and proved as false as they have pretended to be true.*

Man. But dear Mistress, dost thou think all false of our Sex ?

Maid. *No ; but it is hard trusting.*

Man. Never let such Thoughts possess your Breast, for if ever any Man proved faithful since the Creation, I will take Pattern by him ; I will feast thee with Kisses, till I have perswaded thee to believe my Reality ; nay, if thou dost persist in thy Incredulity, I, to win thee from that erroneous Principle, will engage my Heart to thee, by all the Vows and Obligations that ever Love intended, for the Confirmation of unspotted Affection.

Maid. *Well, thou seemest to be real, and thou may'st prove so ; then why should I so much doubt thee, I can not tell ; now thou hast almost conquered me, prove but as faithful as I will be constant, and we may both be happy in each other.*

Man. Now thou hast comforted my drooping Spirits, I am thine, thou art mine ; come we will conclude our Discourse with a loving Song.

A Song to the Tune of, Hey Boys up go we.

THE Storms of Love are past and gone,
My Fears are over-blown,
And she so long I doted on,
I now have made my own.

My Heart is filled with Delight,
No Joys are like to mine,
And now I will thy Promise plight,
To *Calia* so Divine.

Do thou but prove, my *Coridon*;
As faithful unto me,
As I to thee beneath the Sun,
There's none so blest as he;
Who every Night shall sweetly sleep,
Betwixt his Lover's Arms,
Whole Eyes a careful Watch shall keep,
To save his Love from Harms.

Well, Dearest, since thy Love to me
Thou largely hast exprest,
I vow thy faithful Love to be,
In thee I am surely blest:
You Fates so kind to make us meet,
When Time had oft deny'd,
Do know I never meant Deceit,
And now I am satisfy'd.

My Heart is now up to the Brim
Fill'd with Excess of Joy,
I must be thankful unto him
Who serves the blinking Boy!
He ne're shall go out of my Sight,
By Night nor yet by Day,
In him I'll place my whole Delight,
Come kiss and let's away.

Some Amorous Speeches between Doll and Robin.

Robin. A H Doll I love thee.

Doll. How shall I know that?

Robin. As I hope to be kick'd that's true, and mee-
thinks

think I never saw a braver Platter-face than thine in my Life.

Doll. *Ab! is this your Manner of Courting.*

Robin. Nay, be not angry, for I swear by my Ingenuity 'tis true.

Doll. *What, have I a Platter-Face?*

Robin. Ay, and a brave one too.

Doll. *I think thou art a Robin by Nature as well as by Name.*

Robin. Why, what a Fox would you have me say?

Doll. *Dost think, Robin, this Discourse will ever win any but Fools?*

Robin. Why, if I did not take you for a Fool, I could not think you could love me, for I am as Lanthorn jaw'd as you are Platter-fac'd; but yet perhaps we may have lovely Babes, when we come together, if we can but tell how to get them.

Doll. *Nay, now I am quite out of Favour with thee, for if thou canst not tell how to get Children, what should I do with thee?*

Robin. How the Devil should I know? Thou silly Whore; but I believe I could quickly learn.

Doll. *Away Booby, I hate all such Fools; for I know that my self.*

Robin. Why, if one of us know it, it is well enough.

Doll. *No, no, it shall never be said, that I'll marry such an Ignoramus, that knows not how to get Children.*

Robin. Ignoramus? Why then I shall be a brave Fellow for a Jury-man.

Doll. *A Hangman is fitter for thee than a Jury-man.*

Robin. I thought they had been both one, for I have

thine have heard some say, it is the Jury that hangs or
saves Men

Doll. Go, go, thou art a meer Novice.

ny In- Robin. A Novice, what's that ?

Doll. A Fool.

Robin. So much the better for that then.

Doll. Why so ?

well as Robin. Because Fools have always good Tools.

ve me Doll. And what are they the better for them, if they
cannot tell how to use them ?

Robin. But I told you I would quickly learn.

Doll. But I won't be troubled to teach.

ever Robin. Then I'll go home and get my Mother to
earn me.

Doll. O wicked Rogue.

m as Robin. Hey Day ! What am I ? Ignoramus, Fool,
t yet and Rogue too ; Go hang your self, for I will not
come have you now.

thee, Doll. We are very well agreed, Farewel, Robin.

what Robin's Song as he walks homewards.

Thou **T**His was a cross and ugly Jade,

rn. And I did grossly doubt her,

know She would have me a Cuckold made,

well But now I'll go without her :

My Mother will, I am very sure,

Teach me the Art of Bobbing ;

Then I will never more go to her,

Sing O brave honest Robin.

brave I quickly should have found the Way,

Jury- Had she been free to teach me,

for I Now I resolve to say her nay,

have When she comes to beseech me.

I'll

*I'll be as cross as she was coy,
 And fall in love with Molly,
 For she shall be my only Foy,
 Then farewell peevish Dolly.*

*Now you may say you had a Love,
 That much in you delighted,
 But you to him unkind did prove,
 And by you he was slighted;
 Now he has found another Last,
 Pities his Sighs and Sobbing,
 And yet as simple as he was,
 She dotes on honest Robin.*

Dolly's SONG.

NO Nick a-poop will I embrace,
 Nor lodge him in my Bed,
 Though he counts me a Platter-face,
 Yet it shall ne're be said,
 That I will cast my self away,
 Or his weak Parts extol,
 That knows not how the Trick to play,
 Gad-a-mercy honest Doll.

*Should I have wedded to this Clown,
 He would have made me mad;
 For when he should have laid me down,
 Some Pleasures to have had,
 He would have said he knew not how,
 To do't such was his Folly,
 Which would have made me mad I vow,
 And distracted honest Dolly.*

*But let him go like what he is,
 Some other I shall find,*

That

That knows the Way full well to please

A discontented Mind :

Him I will love with all my Heart,

His Worth I will extol,

For Robin I'll not care a Fart,

Gad-a-mercy Honest Doll.

Here follows a Discourse between an Old Man and a Young Woman.

Old Man. **A**LL hail fair Mistress ! at the first Sight of your enamorous Beauty, methought I felt such a pretty kind of warm Desire, enter into the cold Lodgings of my poor Heart, that to my self, methought my Years decreased, and I hereupon became as amorous of your Youth and Verrue, as if I had been but twenty Years old.

Young Woman. *Alas ! Sir, is it to me you direct your Speech ? What moves you to this Folly, as to think that a young Creature as I am, can so much as think of coming into your frozen Bed, there to be tantalized with your Chittering ! Pray forbear, and insist no longer on this Point, for it is ready to make me vomit to think upon it.*

Old. Nay, be not so coy neither, for I suppose, what you find fault with, hath pleased others, as well as you expect to be pleased : And why do you call that Chittering, that you know nothing of.

Young. 'Tis easie to be believed by your Looks, that you are a declining, old and feeble Man, fitter to be nursed up by some ancient Body, than to be coupled to a brisk young Lass that will expect more from you in one Night, than you can do in two Years.

Old. Why ? I will do my Endeavours

Young

Young. And what will that be worth? I had rather have a lusty thundering young Lad without a Penny than such an old doting feeble Fellow, that can scarce hear himself fart.

Old. Nay, do not despise Age at such a Rate.

Young. I do not despise it in any other Sense than this, I mean, of being coupled to a Man so unfitting for a Damselfs Bed.

Old. Well, I see it is in vain, I must give my Suit over.

Young. Ay, best of all; but as we met merrily, let us part; come old Man, shall we have a Song?

The Damofel's Carrol.

Poor Old Man, thou wouldst be doing,
But I think I've spoil'd thy Wooing:
Thou that fain would put me to it,
Yet poor Wretch thou canst not do it.
Thou that fain would put me to it,
Yet poor Wretch thou canst not do it.

How had I been strangely served,
My poor thing had sure been starved:
Had I granted thy Desire,
Flames of Love would quite expire.
Had I granted thy Desire,
Flames of Love would quite expire.

The Old Man's passionate Answer.

Proud young Imp she doth deride me,
Certainly she can't abide me:
Why should I then dote upon her,
Since she aims at my Dishonour?

Why

*Why then should I dote upon her,
Since she aims at my Dishonour?*

*Though I am Old, yet I am willing,
And I love for to be billing.
Kissing quickly moves my Spirits,
But she little knows my Merits,
Kissing quickly moves my Spirits,
But she little knows my Merits.*

*A Dialogue between a Country Man and
a City Dame.*

*Country. M*istress I am but newly come to London, but here I find such Variety of Beauties, that make me admire; but above all that I have yet met with, in my Mind, you greatly excel.

City. Pray, Sir, bestow your Fears on your Intimates, it is not genteel to abuse or affront Strangers,

Country. Believe me Mistress, I am none of those, though I received my Education in the Country, yet in some measure I understand Civility, and would not by any means give you Occasion to think me so rude, as to pretend any thing more than I intend.

City. Sir, you speak as if you were one of us here, but if not, you will in a little time be accomplished with the City Customs, and be a great Proficient in the Art of Wooing.

Country. Could you teach me the Art of Wooing,

ing, as you have the Art of loving then, dear Madam, I should be in some Hopes of compassing my Desires, which is the only Enjoyment of your dear self, in whose sweet Society I should reap such Comfort, that it would sing a Requiem to my Soul, and should account my self the more happy.

For let me speak the Truth, your charming Eyes
Soon brought my Heart into Captivity,
And if you do my humble Suit refuse,
All Hopes of Comfort I shall surely lose.

City. Sir, Your Dialect renders you no Stranger to Ingenuity, nor yet Poetry; for you have your Answers ready, that I cannot but applaud you; and your Verses so at Command, that there is not many in the Countrey can outvie you, in my Opinion; and truly Sir, you have almost perswaded me to begin to think on Love, which I have as yet been a Stranger to; but now methinks I feel a kind of pleasing Pain, that bids me condescend to that which I was loth to stoop to.

But yet if Love doth feed such gentle Fire,
And fills the longing Breast with warm Desire,
That never proves less pleasant than is mine;
O then to my Love my Heart I will resign.

Country-Man.

O How happy was my Fate,
To meet with thee by chance!
Else I had been unfortunate,
But now I do advance.
My lofty Mind, and rising Thoughts
Above the Azure Skies;
Cap'd thou hast my Comfort wrought,
Though once I was thy Prize.

City

City Dame.

ART thou contented with thy Choice,
My Dearest? so am I.
In Heart and Mind I do rejoyce
At our kind Destiny.
While Life and Breath remains in me,
For ever I'll be true,
And if thou wilt but constant be,
All Grief I'll bid adieu.

Thus the Ingenious Country-man, and the courteous Citizen, both agreed, and without farther Ceremony went to conclude that Tie, which forever makes People happy or miserable, where we leave them, to solace themselves in those Joys, that continually attend those unfeigned Lovers, who as I felt were do frequently intermix their Souls by intermixing of amorous Kisses.

Posies for Rings, or any other Devices, both pleasant and profitable.

DEAR Love of mine, my Heart is thine.
Our happy Love, Heaven does approve.
What doth us join, is Power Divine.
While Life doth last, my Love is chaste.
Thou hast my Heart, it cannot start.
Tis you alone, I'll have or none.
A Kiss at least will make me blest.
In a good Hour, we found Loves Power.

Be not afraid, the Match is made,
Whilst Death me strike, none else I'll like.
I'll constant be, for ever to thee.
Deny me not, thou art my Lot.
Say no more, the Bargain's o're.
Forget not me, when this you see.
Providence, is our Inheritance.
Still bear in Mind, how I was kind.
A Love like mine, must never shine.
The blest above, to joyn in Love.
This is a Joy, none can destroy.
Time cannot waste, a Love so chaste.
Heaven smiles on us, to see us thus.
The Love in Store, on thee I'll pour.
My loving Bride, I'll never chide.
'Tis sure that we, will e're agree.
No Jealousie, shall us come nigh.
In Righteousness, the Lord does bless.
At the first Sight, you won me quite.
Your Heart give me, mine I'll give thee.
To your fair Hand, this I commend.
What you exprest, does make me blest.
No Grief can stay, where Love does play.
Never to part, here take my Heart.
'Tis you that have, the Power to save.
If you me scorn, I am forlorn.
If you frown, Death strikes me down.
If you smile, my Woes recoil.
Your Law shall be, a Law to me.
There's nothing more, that I do adore.
It may be said, I liv'd a Maid.
Heaven bless the Man, I smile upon.
'Tis too unjust, to break my Trust.
Let me not live, when I false prove.

Instructions and Stiles, or Titles suitable to be used by all, that indite Letters and other Matters of Note. It may happen that you may have Occasion to write to Persons of Quality, and that if you know not how to superscribe your Letter by the proper Appellations or Titles of Honour, you will be at a great Loss; wherefore I have here as- fixed Directions.

TO the King, Sir; otherwise may it please your Majesty; or, Dread Sovereign.

To the Queen, Madam; or may it please your Majesty.

To the Prince, Sir; or may it please your Royal Highness.

To a Princess, Madam; or may it please your Royal Highness.

To a Duke, my Lord; or may it please your Grace.

To a Dutchess, Mdm; or may it please your Grace.

To a Marquiss, my Lord; or may it please your Lordship.

To a Marchioness, Madam; or may it please your Ladyship.

To an Earl, my Lord; or otherwise, Right Honourable.

To a Countess, Madam; or Right Honourable.

To a Viscount and his Lady, the same again.

To a Baron, my Lord; or may it please your Lordship.

To a Baroness, Madam; or may it please your Ladyship.

To all Ladies and Gentlewomen indifferently,

C

Madam.

dam or Mistress, &c. as you know the Qualities distinguished.

To a Knight Baronet, or Knight, Sir or Right Worshipful.

To an Esquire, Sir, or may it please your Worship.

To an Arch-bishop, Right Reverend, or may it please your Grace.

To other Bishops, most Reverend.

To a Doctor of Divinity, Reverend Doctor, &c.

Among Equals and Familiars you may use your Discretion without Ceremony, or as the Matter you write about requires; and note further, that when you write to a Person of Quality or Worth, leave near an Inch Distance betwixt the Supercription of first Line of your Letter, and that which follows in dating it at the Top, tho' when you write to your Equals, date it at the Bottom on the left Hand.

For ending of Letters to any noble Person, conclude your Graces most humble and devoted Servant; or your ever obliged Servant to command And so to others.

To Parents, your most dutiful and obedient Son &c. To other Kindred, most loving and affectionate, &c. Or, your obliged Friend and Servant.

And to all indifferent, your very humble Servant

Examples for External or Outward Supercriptions, commonly call'd Directions of Letters, as they refer to Persons of different Qualities to the Sending.

TO the King, otherwise to the King's most Excellent Majesty.

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty. For the Prince or Princess, to His or Her Royal Highness, and so for the rest, as before, only putting (To) for may it please your &c. only you must name the Titles or Dignities; as, To the Right Honourable the Marquess of C. and so of the rest, as the Dignities require.

Note, That every Privy Counsellor is stiled Right Honourable, though not a Nobleman. Ambassadors, or Generals of Armies, are stiled Excellencies, as likewise is the Lord Deputy of Ireland. Colonel is stiled Honourable. The Lord-Mayor of London, during his Mayoralty, Right Honourable: The Sheriffs, Right Worshipful. The Aldermen, Worshipful. And all who have been Mayors of Towns, Masters of Companies or Corporations by the Kings Charter, are afterwards Esquires, and so generally accepted. And to ordinary Friends, Relations, or Correspondents, superscribe to Mr. John or Mrs. Elizabeth such a one, naming the Surnames, and the Place of their Abode, observing never to mention Kindred or Relations in the Title or outer Superscription of your Letter, least you be laughed at, even by the Post Boy, as many times those are that do write, This with Care and Speed, as if it would make the Horse go faster.

As to the making up of Letters they are various, as Fancy best please, but the square Way is the best to prevent Tearing in the Seals being open'd; and in your Indicting let all your Words be modest, and not run into high flown Extravagancy of Complements or Expressions, for that kind of Writing by the Judicious, is looked upon as an Exposing your Parts in hopes of Praise or Vain glory: And by the ignorant, tho' admired, yet not understood. You have several Examples of Letters never before in Print, by which you may be enabled to compile others, suitable to any reasonable Business

Fit and apt Expressions on sundry Occasions, for the Ornament and Advancement of Speech, such as may be most taking and pleasing to either Sex.

T O M E N.

SIR, I am the most happy of all Men, in having the Honour to serve a Person of your Worth and Quality; one so deserving, that there is no greater Felicity to me on this side Heaven, than your Conversation.

Kind Sir, I return you my most unfeigned Acknowledgment for the Favours I have receiv'd at your Hands, hoping it will in some measure be in my Power to render you signal Thanks, and a more suitable Requitall.

Ever Honoured Sir, what lies in me to serve you freely command, and nothing shall be wanting that is within the Compass of my Power to oblige you.

Sir, since it is my Happiness thus accidentally to meet you, I can do no less than pay my Respects to you in the most obliging Manner.

Dear Friend, I am over-joyed at your Happiness and entirely wish, and pray for a long and prosperous Continuance of it.

Kind Sir, I am extremely happy in the Favour you do me in this Visit.

Sir, I owe Obedience to your Command, and am impatient 'till I am informed by you in what I may serve you.

In earnest Sir, I do acknowledge my self bound to your Goodness, and shall make it my Study to retaliate so great a Liberality, as far as it lies in my Power.

In the Bond of Friendship, I conjure you to make use of me in what lies in my Power to serve you.

Loving Friend, it makes my Happiness increase to see you thrive and prosper in the World.

Sir, I am ever your humble Servant to obey your Commands.

Suitable

Suitable Expressions in obliging Terms
to Women of sundry Qualities.

M Adam, you have laid so many Obligations upon me, that I know not how, without your Instructions, to retaliate them.

Kind Madam, your obliging good Nature has chain'd me to your Interest.

Fair Lady, your Charms are so powerful, that in Spight of all Resistance, they have made my Heart your Prisoner.

Madam, as you are fair and beautiful, exceeding all other so be generous and merciful to him that is your slave.

Dear Mrs. E. I have a long time waited in vain for a Smile from your fair Lips, and instead of it have met with Frowns : Oh be more kind, or less fair.

Most worthy Mrs. C. accept the Service a Lover renders you when he bestows himself and all his Fortunes.

Sweet Jenny, look upon me with melting Eyes, and tell me you will be mine to make me happy.

Pray Madam, command me in what you please, that my Readiness to serve you may prove my Obedience.

Sweet Lady, your Vertues have so strongly taken up my Meditations, that therein they encrease and multiply to me in Abundance of Felicity.

Pretty Mrs. Mary, what shall I say more than I have done, to make you understand how much I love me.

Honest Jane, in good earnest I have a Months Mind to you, and if you'll have me, tell me so; and then I'll prepare for our Wedding against next Sunday.

Come Nanny, be not so coy, you know I have loved you long, and am, and ever shall remain, your humble Servant, to pleasure you in all things.

To the Reader.

Reader,

FOR the Benefit and Advantage of either Sex was this Treatise compiled, containing Matters both pleasant and profitable, which I hope will prove to the Satisfaction of such as peruse it, and be instrumental to encourage Youth in learning such things, as may tend to their Accomplishment, and render them capable of Modest Behaviour, and to demean themselves in all Companies, &c. To which is added the newest Instructions for Carving of Flesh, Fish, Fowl, &c. Also the Signification of Moles, and the Interpretation of Dreams, as you will find at large in the following Pages.

Rules of Civility: Or, The Art of
Good Breeding.

C H A P. I.

Advice to Parents and Children.

WHEN Parents are blessed with Children, (which are given as Pledges of HEAVEN's peculiar Favour) there is a Duty incumbent on them to be careful in bringing them up, so that they may

may neither dishonour God, nor them; to prevent which, there is no better Measures to be taken, than to exact an early Obedience; not by Severity, or Over-fondness, for neither of them prevail as they ought; but by a middle Promotion, such a Way as is most suitable to their Temper and Inclination: For Severity supplies Youth; or by hating, it renders the Party obstinate: And too much Fondness causes Disregard and Contempt. Now that middle way proposed is by keeping them at an awful Distance; so that in Time being made sensible to whom (next Heaven) they owe their Being, they may be grounded in their Duty: and pay that Respect and Reverence that becomes them: Considering that no disobedient Child ever prospered; and rightly weighing, that they can never return full Satisfaction for the Labour, Trouble, Care and Cost the Parents continually bestow; for Tenderness and Fears that frequently possess them: and the hard Shifts that are commonly made for their Maintenance and Support, in bringing them up in the World, and providing such Education, as may qualify them for Business, Employment, genteel Carriage; but to perfect this on the other hand, there is no readier Way, than to bring them up in the Fear of God, which is the Beginning of all true Wisdom.

And thus, in brief, to your Parents; what else remains, their own Abilities may supply, while I proceed to give Advice unto Youth, in the Spring-tide of their Days.

C H A P. II.

Advice to Youth; or, Directions about Good Breeding and Civil Behaviour.

A Young Man having passed the tender Follies of Childhood, trained up in Obedience to his Superiors, Governours and Parents, must consider, that nothing can grace him more, or render him more accomplished than good Manners, and Civil Behaviour, grounded upon Virtue; Nothing, I say, can gain greater Credit amongst Men; and these are to be attained divers Ways: As, *First*, by Learning. *Secondly*, by Example. *Thirdly*, by Education. And *Fourthly*, by good Natural Parts, and Moral Vertue. By good Manners, is meant, a comely, decent Carriage; and in this Case it behoves the Youth (that would be accounted and esteemed an accomplished Person) to stand uncovered before his Parents and Superiors, not to sit unless commanded, and then not presently, nor longer than is necessary; nor in any wise to be full of Speech, not to interrupt any one in their Discourse, being cautious to answer, unless spoken to, or that his Affairs require it. He must refrain to stare full in the Face of any Person in Company, unless he hold Discourse with him, and then he must in no wise be over fond of his own Argument, but submit to a Judgment; and if he discourse with his Superiors, it is seemly to heed now and then, in Token of Humility, or a Submitting unto them, as wiser, and more know-

ing than himself, to shew himself Courteous to all, and behave himself proudly towards none; never forgetting to honour Learning and old Age. He must likewise be endued with a generous Pity, and be Master (as much as possible) of his Passions, especially he must avoid Anger and Hatred, be free from Malice and Study of Revenge, carrying himself courteous, affable, and with a mild and winning Behaviour towards either Sex.

*And so a good Repute besure he'll gain,
For such a Vertue Envy cannot stain.*

C H A P. III.

The newest Instructions for Carving Flesh, Fish, Fowl, &c. The Terms of Art used therein; and how to know the best and most acceptable Pieces, in order to present them to a particular Friend, or any Person of Quality, &c. The curious Art and Mystery of carving Fish, Flesh and Fowl, and other Dainties, after the most Decent, Modish, and Courtly Manner, &c.

TO be accounted a curious Carver, the Parties must not only be provided with good Knives, Forks, &c. But bring their Hands and Arms, by Practice, to such a Nimbleness and Dexterity, as may take away Tediousness in the Undertaking

dertaking, which above all things prove troublesome to the Guest, and ought to be avoided.

The next thing to be considered, is to proceed in this Affair, with much Neatness and cleanly Management, having Plates, Napkins, &c. ever at Hand, to prevent any Indecency, &c.

These Rules observed, we now proceed to give Directions in the best and most approved Method, *Viz.*

The Terms in Carving, whereby the Directions may be understood, are properly these, *Viz.* Underjoint a Bittern; display a Crane; disfigure a Peacock, or Hen; dismember a Hern; unbrace a Mallard; unlace a Coney; bard a Lobster; remove a Crab; break a Deer; wing a Partridge; thigh a Woodcock; rear a Goose; lift a Swan; truss a Chick; disjoint a Quarter of Lamb, Loin of Veal, or any Butchers Meat; chine a Salmon; sawce a Tench; splay a Bream; side a Haddock; tusk a Barble; leach a Coller of Brawn. And in cutting up all small Birds, the properest Way is to say, thigh them; To Larks, Pidgeons, Black Birds, Woodcocks, &c.

These being the Terms, we, in the next Place, come to the Practice.

To unbrace a Mallard, Teal, Duck or Widgeon, having fixed your Fork advantageously, turn the Point of your Knife under the Wings, and raise them, but take them not off: Do the like to the Legs; raise likewise the Merri-thought, and lace down the Breast, so that any of them may be taken off with Ease and at Leisure.

To rear a Goose, take off the Thighs and Belly piece; open the Wings, take off the Merri thought

and lace down the Breast about a Thumb's Breadth in sundry Lacings, from each side to the Breast-Bone.

To cut up a Turkey, Bustard or Capon. Raise the Legs, open the Joints with the Point of your Knife, take them not off, but lace down the Breast, raising the Wings, and taking off the Merri thought.

To lift a Swan. Pass your Knife through the Breast, and then proceed to do so by the Back, laying her in Halves in the Dish, then cut the Sides downwards.

To lase a Coney or Hare. Take off the Shoulders and Legs, pass the Knife down the Sides, chine her at the Shoulders, in the middle, and upon the Huntsman's Piece.

To chine a Salmon. Pass your Knife down the Back, divide the Jole, make your Middle-pieces, and lay the Tail entire.

To leach Brawn, is no other than cutting it into clever Slices.

All Butcher's Meat must be fairly jointed; to do which, you must keep your Eye, and your Mind upon the Joint; that (so your Knife slipping in by so evident a Direction) you may with Ease take off the Piece you intend, and present it at the End of your Fork.

As for the Tarts, Custards, &c. you may cut them up cleverly, and make your Presentments at the Point of your Knife, or on a Plate, &c.

C H A P. IV.

The best Pieces for choice Friends, which they are, &c.

THE best and most acceptable Pieces are the Wings of all wild Fowl, and the Legs of all tame Fowl, the middle Part of a Coney or Hare; that between the Head and middle Piece of any Fish, the fat Piece turn'd out in the middle of a Haunch of Venison; the Piece under the Handle of a Shoulder of Mutton, Lamb, Veal, or Venison; the little Bone on the End of a Leg of Lamb, or Mutton; the fishy Inside, or of Fat and Lean of a Sir-loin, or any such like Piece of Beef; the Nut, or fat Piece in the Middle of a Loin of Veal; the Claw of a Crab; the Tail of a Lobster; the Nut under the Ear of a Calves or Lambs head; the round Piece in the Middle of a Westphalia-ham, or Neats-tongue, and of all Pies, Tarts, &c. that are served, the most convenient Corner, and by this Observation, you may reach to the Perfection of any other Thing of this Kind, gaining Credit and Reputation thereby.

C H A P. V.

Complemental Rules to accomplish Gentlemen in Accosting, or Addressing themselves.

THE next Thing to be observed, are the Accomplishments of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, Dancing,

Dancing, and the like; but to give Rules for these, would be too tedious in this Place; wherefore, I shall only shew you how he ought to behave himself upon his Entrance into Company, or upon an Accidental Meeting in the Street; and in this Case, the Qualities of Persons are to be considered; but I shall propose it in general: If your Youth enter into a Room, his approaching those he intends to pay his Respects to, he must do his Reverence at a convenient Distance, that he bow with his Hat in his right Hand, or under his left Arm, making an Offer to kiss his right Hand, and then advancing three Steps traverse wise, and by Degrees approach the Party; and if there be more than one, he must salute them severally, if Men, by a gentle Embrace in pressing the left Side with his right Arm; if Women, a pressed Salute, if not a real one; and then the Impression ought rather to be made upon the Cheek, than the Lips. As for Complements in such like Accosting, these may serve in many Cases.

Sir, I am the humblest of your Servants.

Sir, I am transported with the Happiness I promise my self in your good Company.

Sir, the Honour you do me is beyond Expression.

Madam this Blessing is beyond Expectation.

Dear Madam, I am yours to command in Life and Death.

Lady, how great is my Happiness in having Access to your Presence?

C H A P. VI.

Advice to Virgins and Young Gentlemen

A Virgin being arrived at Maturity, sufficient to understand her self as she ought, the first thing considerable to render her accomplished, is Modesty, the only Guard of her Reputation: for if any of the softer renounce that, and lightly esteem it, they open a Way to their Ruin, and the best Accomplishment is thereby destroyed, for that is the chiefest Virtue, that proclaims their Native Innocence, and an Ornament that ought to be held in great Esteem; therefore a Virgin endowed with this, must observe to manage it to her Advantage: First she must be humble and meek, not given to much Laughter or childish Toying; her Mirth ought to be harmless and innocent. She must refrain her self from much Talk, and avoid those that talk idle. When at any time she discourses with Men, she must look a little downward, or on one side, not stare in their Faces, lest it be interpreted in the worst Sense; her Carriage must be demure, but not with too much Reservedness, lest it be taken for Pride; her Words ought to be few, and those well considered, and well weighed before delivered; if any offer to salute her, she must rather retire than advance; to all Superiors she must give Place, as likewise Respect to her Inferiors, seldom or never suffering her self to be idle, lest her Weakness should give Way to wanton Thoughts, learning (for her better Accomplishment) such

curious

curious Arts, as are concordant with her Sex. In her Going, she must observe to keep her Body upright and even; her Feet within Compass, moving directly forward. When she enters any Company, she must courtise thrice in her Approach, bending first backward, and then bearing forward, bear up, and pay her Respects in some quaint Complement, if first to a Woman; but if to Men, Silence is best, unless she be asked any Question: And In this Case (to furnish such as are unprovoked) the following Expressions may serve, or such like as are suitable.

Madam, I am your Ladyship's most affectionate Servant.

Madam, I am an Honourer; I wish I could say an Imitator of your Vertues.

Madam, I wish you all Health and Happiness.

Madam, I wish you all Joy and Prosperity.

Madam, I bless the Moment that gives me an Opportunity to enjoy your Company, &c.

Having thus far briefly discoursed, the next thing convenient will be, to give our young Gentlemen some Insight of Behaviour, relating to Courtship.

*Which may perhaps to his Advantage prove,
And help in the Art of making Love.*

CHAP. VII.

Advice to Youth in the Art of Courtship, and making Love.

WHEN a young Gentleman, or any other, has found the Conqueress of his Affections, one

one that he can entirely love, let him not rudely accost her, if she be a Virgin, lest his good Meaning be taken in evil Part, and his unadvised Rashness be a means to frustrate his Designs, but rather try her at a Distance, with Presents, and a Complementary Letter, not penn'd to the Height of Extravagance, and to be delivered up by some trusty Female Hand, that has an Interest in her Affection, and can mould her into a good Humour, though a Winter Storm firs on her Brow; these at first, ten to one, she will refuse, alledging she knows not the Man, and why should she receive Things from a Stranger, who has no Reason to bestow them; and perhaps in a pretended Pet will order them to be return'd, but withal gives Charge that the Matter be so ordered, that he be not altogether discouraged: *For it may be (says she) he may deserve a better Fortune than my self;* then it is his Business to walk before her Window, or watch her going abroad, that she may have a perfect Sight of him, which commonly creates a liking Love: Whereupon a second Attempt being made, she consents to an Interview, tho' upon his Visit she pretends to know nothing of the Matter, and protests that she is not for Marriage: Yet cannot be so rude as to deny a Civil Gentleman a friendly Entertainment; though if your Youngster can but read the Language of her Eyes, he will find them speak in another Dialect. And now if he makes his Address frequent (though not too early nor too late, lest he surprize her unarrayed, or detain her from her Rest, both which will give Distate, and make her froward and peevish) the Game is his own; yet by the Way, he must have a Care he set not too

on great a Value upon her Beauty, lest she grow
proud, and conceit her self more than Woman.
If the Attack be made upon a Widow, there is
no Way after the Ice is once broke like Importu-
nity and Resolution (in Spight of all Resistance)
not to be denied, to haunt her like her Shadow, and
fill her Ears with Themes of Love, settled with a
few scattered Protestations, is the only Way to
make her secure. And since a Letter in both Cases
may not prove amiss, I shall insert a Copy that may
indifferently serve.

Dear Madam,

Since I had the Happiness to see you, I have been very
desirous of a greater Happiness, which is to be ad-
mitted a few Minutes into your Presence, that I may
tell you how much I love you, whose Beauty, and whose
Vertues are so many and so rare, that all Mankind must
necessarily do the same: Yet surely none can have a
boundless Love like mine who sleeping or waking fancies
your bright Idea represents it self: a Trifle I have sent
you as a Present, hoping it will find Acceptance though
I could have wished my self had been the Bearer;
however, it finds a happy Entertainment, it will ex-
alt his drooping Thoughts, who is,

Your most aff. &ionate and most
Obedient Servant to command,

J. D.

*And thus you see the Train of Love is laid
For subtle Widows, or a bashful Maid.*

The

The most Exact and Approved
FORTUNE-TELLER

As to what relates to good and bad Fortune in either Sex, especially to Maids, Widows, Widowers and Batchelors.

Signs of speedy Marriages, and good Success attending it by sundry Signs.

1. **F**OR a Woman to have the first and last Letter of her Christian Name, the same with the Man's Sur-name, that makes Love to her denotes a great Union, and generous Love.

2. For a Man to have the first and last Letter of his Christian Name with the Woman's Sur-name denotes the same.

3. To think upon a Party, upon a sudden waking without any Meditation, on a Friday Morning that before had a Place in the Affections of Man or Woman, is a Demonstration of Love, or extraordinary Friendship.

4. If a Ring accidentally fall off a Man's Finger that is under no Obligation of Marriage, and roll directly to the Feet of a Maid or Widow, it denotes not only he is in Love with the Party, but that a sudden Marriage will ensue.

5. The Singing of a Robin-red-Breast at your Window

Window

Window in the Time of Courtship on a *Wednesday*, is a Sign you shall have the Party desired.

6. If walking abroad with your Sweet-heart, you perceive any Pair of Pidgeons circle you round, it is a Sign of Marriage and Happiness, to ensue with much Content.

7. If a Hare cross you on a *Saturday* Morning, it promises happy Days, Riches and Pleasure.

Signs to choose good Husbands and good Wives.

IF the Party be of a ruddy Complexion, high and full nosed, his Eye-brows bending Arch-wise; his Eyes standing full, of a black and lively Colour, it denotes him good natur'd, ingenious, and born to good Fortune; and the like in a Woman, if born under the Planet *Jupiter*.

2. If the Party be flegmatick, lean, and of a dusky Complexion, given much to musing or Melancholy; beware of such a one of what Sex soever.

3. An indifferent wide Mouth, and full Cheeks, smooth Fore-head, little Ears, dark brown Hair, and a Chin proportionable to the Face is very promising.

4. An extraordinary long Chin, with the under lip larger than the upper, signifies a cross grain'd Person, fit for little Performance, yet much given to Folly.

5. A long Nose in a Man, and a little Mouth in a Woman, signifies neither can be deceived in their Marriage Expectations.

6. A well set broad Chin in a Man, his Face being

being round, and not too great, and a Dimple or Dint in a Womans Check or Chin, denotes they will come together and live happily.

Several Characters or Semblance of Letters and Lines in the Hand, as they tend to signify Riches, Honour, long Life, Marriage, short Life, Poverty, Loss, Number of Wives, Children, Sickness, untimely Death, and many other things, according to the Art of Palmestry, &c.

THere are in this Case, divers Letters and Lines appearing in the Hand, by which the Wits of all Ages have given Judgment in the foregoing Premises.

If the Character A be found in the Mount of Jupiter, or at the Root of the middle Finger, promises a growing Fortune, and perhaps considerable Profits by the Favour of Princes and great Men.

If a B be found on the Mount of the Sun, which is at the root of the fourth Finger, it signifies length of Days, Prosperity, and much to be believed; also a virtuous Person.

If a C with a Star over it, appears on the Mount of Venus; it gives the Person early and happy Marriage, promises many Children, and a merry Life.

If the Letter L be on the Mount of Saturn, which is at the Root of the middle Finger, and be cut with cross Lines, it denotes the Party to undergo much

affliction, to be given up to Melancholy, and to a but short liv'd, &c.

The Letter K, upon the Mount of *Mercury*, which is at the Root of the little Finger, denotes the Party to rise to Preferment by Ingenuity and Marriage.

The Letter D, on the Mount of the *Moon*, denotes the Party to be kind and good natured, and much beloved.

The Letter G, in the Plain of *Mars*, near the Line of Life, speaks the Party to be of a violent Temper, given up to Anger, and threatens him or her with sudden and untimely Death: However to a Woman it promises a Husband that shall grow great in Military Affairs: And thus much for Characters of this Kind.

Line
Will
ego
of
omit
le Pr
Men.
which
length
ed; and.
If the Table Line be broad, fair, and well coloured, it signifies the Party (if a Man) will have Two Wives; if a Woman, as many Husbands.
If the Line of Life extend it self from the Root of the Fore-finger, to the Mount of the *Moon*, or the Brawn of the Hand, then it denotes long Life; but if it be cut short, and divided by many Crosses, the contrary.

If the Girdle of *Venus*, which reaches from the inside of the Hand, to the Root of the middle Finger,

ger be fair and well proportioned, and not cut or divided by cross Lines, the Party is promised extraordinary Advantages by Marriage. Several little Crosses upon the Liver Line, which runs directly thro' the Hand, denotes Sickness and an unhealthy Constitution; but if it be fair and clear, it signifies Health and long Life.

If Little, direct Lines come from the Root of the Finger, they signify a Woman to have three Husbands, and to a Man Riches and Preferment.

If they have three large Lines on the Joint of the Wrist; it denotes easie Child-bearing, and subject to Miscarriages.

If the Nails of the Hand be transparent, red, long, and of a fair Complexion, it is a Sign of Health and long Life; but if cloudy, dark, or of a leady Colour the contrary.

If a Line breach towards the fore and middle Finger End blunt, it betokens Riches and Preferment to Men; and to Women kind Husbands.

If there happens a Cut or Separation between the two last Fingers, it denotes Loss, if not Ruin to the Party by Commerce or Law-suits; and thus much for Lines and their Significations.

Short Instructions of Calculating Nativities, and knowing good or bad Fortune thereby.

IN this Case, to know the Day and Hour of the Birth, the Planets, as they decline or predominate in the Constitution, are to be observed, and here we find the Moon predominate over the

Fleg

Flegmatick ; *Jupiter* over the Sanguine ; *Mars* over the Cholerick ; and *Saturn* over the Melancholy ; *Mercury* temperates Melancholy ; *Venus* the Flegmatick, and the Sun (as the great Arbitrator) temperates all ; and so according to the Constitution of the Body, we find the Planets *Lords* of the Ascendants in the Natives.

How Nativities are to be managed in their Calculations.

IN this Case having observed by the Complexion of Lineaments, what Planet was *Lord* of the Ascendant at the Nativity, observe by the Rule of Art, how the Planet operates more or less, and if no Difficulty appear therein, the Party, either he or she born in the first House of the Sign of the Zodiack, whereunto the Planet relates, of which take a Taste. If the Party be white and fair of Complexion, the Nose considerable long, the Hair flaxen, the Eye-brows thick, the Eyes bright and shining, then *Venus* being in the first Part of *Taurus*, and that being found to be in the first House of the Planet, proposing your Question, having well considered the Month, Day, and Hour of the Ascendant, even to the Minute, and noting whether it be in the House of Life, which is the first, or the House of Indignities, being the tenth, or the House of Sicknes, &c And the Figure being erected from hence, knowing the exact Time, you may give Judgment in Love, Honour, Riches,

Riches, Preferment, Fortune, or Misfortune of any Kind, and what may happen from Time to Time,

The Wheel of Fortune what is meant by it.

W^T HEN any desire to know a Question, state any Number not exceeding Thirty, so that let the Number of the Day be added, and the first Letter of your Name, and that Letter perhaps may prove a literal Figure, and let the Number be divided by Threes, and if the Divisions come even, then expect a good Issue of what you require, whether relating to Love, Business, or the like; but if broken and odd, then Success will be bad, if not altogether unfortunate.

Another Way of Tryal.

HAVING Pythagoras's Wheel before you, to know whether you shall marry the Party you desire. Take the Christian and Sir-name, and add thereto the Number of the Planets, and Days of the Week, and joining them in one Number, divide them, and if the Number fall in the upper Part of the Wheel, it is fortunate; but if in the lower Part, no Success: And thus you may proceed in Case of Riches, Honour, taking a Journey, Pleasure, Sickness, Health, and many other Things, too tedious here to be mentioned.

Several

Several Queries resolved in Matters of Love and Business, by throwing the Dye, or pricking at Figures, after the Rules of this following Table.

A	2	3	4	5	6
B	2	3	4	5	6
C	2	3	4	5	6
D	2	3	4	5	6
E	2	3	4	5	6

WHAT Number you throw go to that, or else what Number or Letter you prick upon, they being covered with a Piece of Paper thro' which you must prick.

As to what kind of Husband a Widow or Maid shall have.

A A handsome Youth before you'll have,
Brown Hair, high Nose, he'll keep thee brave

2. A Man unto thy Lot will fall,
Straight, but neither short nor tall.

3. An honest Tradesman is thy Lot,
When he proffers slight him not.

4. Fair, ruddy, bushy-hair'd is thy Love,
He'll keep thee well, and call thee still his Dove.

5. A Widower, tho' rich, thou'lt marry,
You for a Husband wont long tarry.

6. Proper and gay will be the Man,
That will thee wed, my pretty Nan.

Whether a Maid shall have him she best loves.

B Be not too coy he is thy own,
But thro' Delay he may be gone.

2. He of your Wishes does not know,
He'd soon comply if it were so.

3. Come set thy Heart at Rest, I say,
He will but plunder and away.

D

4. Fear

4. Fear not, thy Neighbour is a Man,
And he will have thee if he can.
5. Show him more Kindness he will speak,
His Heart with Silence will he break.
6. Sigh thou no more, he does relent,
And his Inconstancy repent.

How many Husbands you may expect, &c.

C One in the Town thou first shalt wed,
A Stranger next shall grace thy Bed.
2. With one well lov'd thy Life will be,
And happy Days in Marriage see.

3. The Stars three Husbands do presage,
And thou shalt die in good Old Age.

4. VVed thou betimes, else I fear,
Thou wilt not much for VVedlock care.

5. Too much Pride will make thee tarry,
Yet after all that thou shalt marry.

6. Accept the Ring thy Love does give,
For long in VVedlock he'll not live.

Whether it be best to marry or not.

D Fear not, thy Husband will be kind,
And it is one will please thy Mind.

2. If he be of Complexion fair,
For thee that Man I do prepare.

3. Come, never fear, it will be well,
Or say I can no Fortune tell.

4. Pray lose no time, for if you do,
Age will come on, and you may rue.

5. If this Match slip you may long stay,
Then take kind Will without Delay.

6. Cupid commands thee now to do't,
Then prithee make no more Dispute.

Queries about Fortunate Days.

E On Monday things indifferent are,
Yet the Event bids you beware.

2. On *Tuesday* cruel *Mars* does reign,
Beware of Strife, lest Blows you gain.

3. On *Wednesday* witty Projects make,
For *Mercury* the Rule does speak.

4. Mild *Jove* rules *Thursday*, do not fear,
'Tis prosperous throughout the Year.

5. Fair *Venus* *Friday* does approve,
And on that Day does prosper Love.

6. *Saturn* the next does rule, beware,
And take in hand no great Affair.

Lastly, *Sol* rules, whose Golden Aspect shows,
He all things mildly does to Good dispose.

Joyful Tydings to the Female Sex:

O R,

Good News for Young Men
and Maids, &c.

*Good News for Maidens, or now or never
for handsome rich Husbands, in the surest
Methods they are to take for obtaining
them.*

[N this Case, it is but reasonable, pretty Maid-
ens, we should first take Care of you, and
provide for your Wants, seeing you are the

greatest, as never having tasted of the Comforts and Refreshments of Love in a Matrimonial Way; tho' I doubt not but some of you have had very pleasant Dreams, that have given you a Prospect of some shadow, of a feeling the tickling Recreations of those that tumble and toss between a Pair of Holland Sheers, with kind and obliging Husbands, who will according to their Abilities, deny them nothing they long for, but fill their Billies with Love Possiet, as often as they shall reasonably require it.

In the first Place then, if you want a considerable Fortune, which in these Days sets off all Faces, and makes unshapen Bodies, and scurvy Conditions appear tolerable; great ones stoop to the Brat of a Broom-man, and I know not what other Wonders. Let your Behaviour be sober, bridle your Passions, appear in all Companies affable, and courteous, give not your selves to Affliction, or much Talking, laugh not unseemly, which distorts and wrinkles a good Face, and looks in many more like Crying than Laughing. Be not over familiar, nor tinged with the smallest Ingredients of an unseemly Pride, but carry an even Temper, go decent, and not too gaudy, cast not your Eyes wantonly about, nor stare at Men when they look you in the Face, yet being ask'd any Question, answer with Modesty, but not too foolishly or bashfully; for always observe, too much Coyness, or too much Confidence, which is interpreted by many no other than Impudence, or too much Forwardness, giving a Suspicion you have been at the Business you wot on before-hand, and are in haste for a
Cloak

Cloak to cover your stolen Ware; but to come nearer to the Purpose.

When by these good Humours, you find one address you, be not too pliant, before you know he is in earnest, and then use him if he be rich, or one you could willingly take for a Husband, draw him on with good Humour and Gentleness; but tho' he attempt to try your Chastity, by lascivious Actions, mildly reprove him, and keep at a reasonable Distance, give him Reasons to the contrary, and shew him his Folly, which will make him see he is mistaken in you, and then he will be ashamed, and ground in himself a good Opinion of your Virtues which will the more indear him to you; and when you find him coming, and melting at your Charms, take him in the loving Humour, and bid him fast by I. A. *Take thee for my wedded Husband, to have and to hold, &c.* lest his hot Love, by Delays, put off and take Breath, and cool again into an Indifference, which has made many a Virgin repent the Folly of her dissembled Coyness.

And by the by, let me tell you, I would not have you throw away the Jewel you so highly prize, upon every Fop or Blockhead, but by these Rules, and aiming well your Love, you may as well get a Husband rich and handsome, as a Spend-thrift, or one that will keep you with a lean Sorrow.

The most propitious Days to carry on these Intreagues, or make Love Bargains, are the Days when *Jupiter* and *Venus* is Lord and Lady of the Ascendant, which are *Thursdays* and *Frydays*, by no

means to be married on a rainy Day, for that pre-
sages a lowring State of Life for the future.

*These Rules observed, Advantage you will gain,
And Profit get, and Pleasure without Pain;
Is more than all Petitioning will do;
You'll catch your Game, and yet you need not sue.
No Snare like a dissembled Modesty,
The Sense it charms, whilst Faces charm the Eye.
And chain the Lower that he cannot fly.
Many a poor Lass by this has richly wed,
And gone at Night a Lady to her Bed.*

*Instructions how old Maids and old Widows
may get rich young Husbands, &c.*

NOW you Old Maids and Widows who have
overstood your good Fortunes, your Turns
come next to be served; for although the Marks
may perhaps be out of your Mouths, yet the Jock-
keys in *Smithfield*, will tell you, such Cattle are
marketable, and will go off, tho' at lower Rates,
when rub'd up, and new vamp'd a little: You have
indeed, we must confess, overstood your Markets,
but there is some Hopes you may get off, if you ob-
serve these Rules:

First then, if you have any Money be frequently
handling and playing with it, for that's a great
Temptation as the World goes now. VVe can as-
sure

sure
some
be se
men
Ring
Po a
Mou
be af
food
in t
you
the v
betw
doar
vil
too
to k
a li
best

And
And
If o
Fog
So y
And

Inf

I
tha
VV

sure perhaps your Industry, or the bequeathing of some Friend has furnish'd you with Rings; let them be seen to the best Advantage, they may be instrumental to procure you precious Stones for the other Ring you conceal; smooth up your VVrinkles with So natums, and strait fore-head bands, and keep your Mouth even; draw them not up like a Purse, nor be affected with too flaunting an Attire; be not too fond of young Men, for that will make them shy in their Addresses; go neat and clean, and when you are kissed, don't do it open-mouthed, or use the way of sucking as too many of you do, for that betrays you to be over leacherous; don't appear to doat on your Lover, but give him kind and civil Reception, feign a little Coyness, but be not too cold, wash your Eyes with Eye-bright VVater, to keep in their dying Sparks, and use now and then a little Perfume, for another Conceit that you know best.

*And when you've got him, hug him as you please,
And when he does your Drudgery give him Ease.
If old your Husband be, and suit your State,
Tog softly on, and so preserve your Mate;
So you a comfortable Life may lead,
And at both Ends to Satisfaction feed.*

*Instructions for the Recovery of a lost Virgini-
ty: Or, the Art of Saudering crack'd
Maiden-heads.*

IF any Female happen to have too great a Flaw, or Crack, by warping in the Sun, or otherwise, that may render her not-currant, or warrantable VVare, and so prove prejudicial to her Fortune, if

discovered, by making the Purchaser repent his Bargain, or sowing the bad Seeds of perpetual Bawlings, and Hittlings in the Teeth; or as the Country man more learnedly says, *Throwing of it in her Dish*; let her beside the use of Allom-water, be sure to get some inward Friend or Acquaintance of hers, to drink down her Spark on the Wedding-night, that between Evasion, Defect of Sense and Fumbling, a little Struggling and Coyness may set a fair Gloss upon the Matter; 'till the hard, tho' not dangerous Combat, being won and lost, he seems highly satisfied with feasting on a butter'd Bun, as many an honest Citizen and Country-man has been before him, and concludes his dear Spouse as chaste as *Lucretia* or *Penelope*.

*So quietly then for the future live,
That being o're which Discontent would give:
So Lavis did deceive her Critick Spark,
Deceiv'd his Senses 'cause 'twas in the Dark;
So many now give Counters for a Mark.
Well, what of that? 'tis better so deceiv'd,
Than for a foolish Tangle always griev'd.*

}

*The Art of getting and keeping Money in
hard times, &c.*

NOW you'll say we come to a hard Task, and so indeed we find it; but but by the way, there is nothing too hard for Industry; to be brief then, *for while the Grass grows the Steed may starve,*

as the old Saying is, this Sort of Metal cannot be drawn into your Pockets, but by the Loadstone of Industry; it is an Enemy to those that haunt Ale-houses and Taverns, and flies away from them like Quick-silver: It only loves the thrifty, and sticks by them to the last; get up early in the Morning, and mind your Business, make no foolish Bargains, enter not into the Ship call'd Surety, lest you be cast away on the Prison Rocks, where you may happen to be shipwrack'd for Life-time.

*And thus you may get a Friend that will stand by,
And help you out when all the others fly,
Or stand aloof and gaze, but won't come nigh.* }

A Treatise of Moles, according to the Opinion of the Learned Authors, together with Significations.

A Mole on the left Side of the Stomach denotes a luxurious Person.

A Mole on the left Shoulder denotes Trouble and Affliction.

A Mole on the left Shoulder near the Arm, denotes the Person given to Quarrels, and Strife, and Hatred.

A Mole on the middle of the Stomach denotes dangerous Diseases.

A Mole on the middle of the Forehead, denotes good Fortune in Man or Woman.

A Mole on the left Side of the Fore-head, denotes a sick Constitution.

A Mole on the Lip signifies the Party to be much beloved, and very amorous.

A Mole on the Neck, denotes some Croffes, but a happy Issue in the End.

A Mole on the left Breast, upon the beating of the Heart, exactly in one Place, denotes the Parties if of different Sex will come together in Matrimony.

A Mole on the left Shoulder, denotes Labour, Travel and Sorrow.

A Mole on the right Thigh, foretels Riches and Advantage by Marriage, and on the Privities it doth the like.

A Mole on the Nose foretels the Birth of many Children, and Persons powerful in Generation.

A Mole on the right Cheek denotes a timely Marriage, and such a one as shall be prosperous.

A Mole on the right Knee of a Woman, denotes easie Labour and a loving Husband.

A Mole on the left Buttock denotes a pleasing Person, and one very much delighted in the Works of Generation.

A Mole on the upper Lip, signifies good Fortune in Marriage, and Ease in Children.

A Mole on the Knee promises the Party chaste, and of a devout Life and Conversation.

A Mole on the Forehead just between the Eyebrows denotes you shall be favoured by great Persons, and come to much Preferment.

A Mole on the right Cheek seems to intimate the Party greatly beloved, and prosperous in Marriage, tho' somewhat late.

A Mole on the Ear betokens sound Judgment, and much Prudence.

A Mole on the Privy-parts, signifies Ability in Generation, and many Children.

A

A Mole on the right Side of the Fore-head, promiset^h Riches and Prosperity, and the like signifies a Mole on the right Temple.

A Mole on the left Corner of the Eye, denotes the Party subje^t to Melancholly, and the Diseases that proceed therefrom.

A Mole on the left Cheek, denotes Poverty and Affliction.

A Mole on the lower part of the tip of the right Ear threatens the Party with drowning.

A Mole near the bottom of the Nostrils, predi^cts a Man or Woman fortunate and lucky.

A Mole in any part of the Neck denotes Danger.

A Mole on the right Arm promises Riches and Prosperity.

A Mole on the left Arm denotes a Person contentious and given to Quarrels.

A Mole on the upper part of the right Breast, promiset^h Success by Tillage.

A Mole on the middle of the right Breast, denotes the Person Ingenious, and given to Industry.

A Mole on the left side of the Belly, denotes Affliction and Crookes.

A Mo'e on the left Buttock, threatens Sickness and Trouble.

A Mole on the right Foot denotes the Party to be endowed with Wisdom and Eloquence.

A Mole on the left Foot denotes rash Actions, whereby the Party shall be endangered.

A Mole on the Huckle-bone promiset^h a good Fortune.

A Mole on the Groin, on the right side, denotes good For^{tu}nne, and on the left, the contrary.

A Mole on the Eye-brow, signifies speedy Marriage, and a good Husband.

A Mole on the Chin signifies early Marriage, great Pleasure and Content.

A Mole on the lower Lip, signifies much Plenty, but some Disappointment in a Marriage-state, perhaps Inability in the Person you affect, in case of which, a Search or timely Trial may do you a Kindness.

A Mole on the Nose, signifies one capable in Performance of *Venus* Rights.

A Mole on the right Thigh, signifies the Party shall marry to Content.

D R E A M S, and their Interpretations, according to the Opinion of the Learned.

TO dream of much Joy, denotes the Arrival of Friends, or an Estate, or other good Fortune to befall the Party.

To dream of wearing rich Apparel, denotes Poverty.

To dream of Fire, signifies Anger.

To dream you are flying in the Air, signifies Advancement or Promotion.

To dream we weep, denotes Sorrow & Heaviness.

To dream of Serpents, denote private Enemies.

To dream of Building signifies Loss.

To dream of the Arrival of Friends, signifies a Deliverance from Trouble.

To dream of a black Coffin, denotes the Death of some Friend or Relation.

To dream of Riding, signifies a sudden Journey, but no sudden Return.

To

To dream of washing in the Water, denotes an Easement from Pain or Trauble.

To dream of a Discale, promises good Employment.

To dream of Kisses and Embraces betokens Strife.

To dream of a Banquer, denotes Penury and Want.

To dream of one that is dead, denotes ill Luck.

To dream one runs swiftly, denotes hasty News.

To dream of sore Eyes, signifies Sicknes.

To dream of Friends dead, denotes them well.

To dream of Money, signifies Loss.

To dream one sees a fearful Sight, implies Anger.

To dream of an Assembly, signifies Sicknes.

To dream of Singing, denotes Grief and Affliction.

To dream of changing Places, denotes strange and sudden News.

To dream of Fishes in the Water, denotes Amendment of Life.

To dream of great Floods, and that you fall into them, denotes Strife and Dangers.

To dream of backling of Hens, signifies the Falling out of Friends.

To dream one is dead, signifies Marriage.

To dream of falling out with one's Sweet-heart, denotes a sudden Agreement, and a Forwardness in Marriage.

If any one dream they are reading, it signifies they will soon receive a Letter or Note from some one they entirely love.

If a Woman dream of a Ring being put upon her Hand, it denotes a Breach of Love.

To dream of writing Letters, signifies joyful News, or Tying from a dear Relation.

If

If a Maid or VVidow dreams a Man puts a Ring upon her Finger, or tyes on her Garter, it denotes sudden Marriage.

To dream one wears a Garland, promises the Party Honour, Repute and Preferment.

To dream our living Friends are dead, is a Sign they are in Health.

To dream of lighted Tapers, denotes the Party happy in Friends and Affection.

To dream one is in Danger to be killed, yet escapes, denotes a Deliverance from great Danger.

To dream you embrace without Power to speak, denotes the Party to fall in love, but shall not obtain the Party desired.

To dream of Singing and Musick, denotes you shall soon hear of the Marriage of some Relation.

To hear Magpies chatter, signifies Brawling and Contention.

For a barren Woman to dream she embraces one of her own Sex, denotes that in time she shall have Children: But unto a fruitful Woman it denotes Pain and Sorrow in Child-bearing.

For Lovers to dream they fall out and quarrel, signifies Constancy and Affection.

To dream you see a little Spring increase to a River, or Lake, signifies an Increase of Riches and Preferment.

To dream one receives a Letter, denotes good Success in Love, or the speedy Arrival of absent Friends.

To dream of Storms and a troubled Sky, denotes Anger.

To hear the Singing of Swallows, denotes Hurt by Flatterers.

For a Maid to dream she kisses her Sweet-heart, is a Sign of true Affection. To

To see great Feasts and partake of them, signifies Plenty, but if you are debarred from eating, then VVant and Poverty.

To dream you catch great Store of Fish, denotes Riches and Plenty.

To dream of dead Relations promises the seeing of some Friend.

To dream we receive Money is lucky, but dreaming of finding Money is Disappointment.

For a Maid to write the Numeral Figures in her own Name, and lay them under her Pillow the first Friday in the Month; if she dreams she sees any Person writing or casting Account, she may suddenly expect Overtures of Marriage, and happy VVedding.

To dream of great Fire, signifies Sickness or Discontent.

To dream the Sun shines bright in your House, foretels Prosperity.

To dream you see an Egg hang by a String at your Beds Head, signifies your finding hidden Treasure.

To dream of shaking Hands, signifies Courtship and Love.

To dream of young Birds, signifies Child-birth.

Love-Dreams, and others, with their various Interpretations.

TO dream Treasure hangs by your Bed-side,
Is that you will speedily be a Bride,
And shall be rich; but if it vanish strait,
Then Loss and Poverty is doom'd by Fate.

To

To see great Fares much Evil does portend,
Perhaps the Death of some near dearest Friend.

To dream you gaze upon the blazing Sun,
Denotes high Honour and Promotion.

To dream you fly does hasty News presage,
Or that you are born to see Old Age.

To dream a Ring is on your Finger plac'd,
Is that you soon with Marriage shall be grac'd.

To dream of Bells that strangely backwards ring,
Does always some sad Tidings surely bring.

To dream you are within your Lovers Arms,
Signifies Joys, Embraces, Kisses, Charms.

To seem to dance and frolick with a Man,
Denotes your Wedding soon is coming on.

To seem to see a Friend that's lately dead,
Denotes the Loss of an old Maiden head.

To hear Birds sing in any pleasant Place,
Shews Joy to come, Grief from your Breast will

To seem to kiss, does signifie the State, (chase.
Of Fortune, Marriage shall be Fortunate.

To dream the Pleasures of a Wedding Night,
Does promise soon you shall have such Delight.

To think you see a Maes Face in a Glass,
Shall bring the thing what e're you wish to pass.

Happy Days in the Twelve Months of the Year, relating to Love and Business.

ON January's sixth, ninth, twenty five,
The Work you take in hand will surely thrive.
February's tenth, nineteenth, and twenty three,
With Love, or what you undertake agree.

The

The first of March as lucky held by all;
And April's third, twelfth, eighteenth. So we call,
May's fourth, fifteenth, and twenty one, are sure
To bring Prosperity that will endure.

June's twentieth, twenty eight, and thirtieth prove,
Ice Days to set upon Affairs of Love

July's nineteenth, and twenty one and four,
Do prosper Business, and increase our Store.

If sure your Love you quickly would obtain,
Begin in August in the Dog-Star's Reign.

The twenty fourth and fifth are likewise good,
If then you court you will not be withstood.

September's fifteen, nineteen, twenty eight,

October's third and fifth, and tenth create
Such good Beginnings as do give us Bliss.

November's ninth and twelfth bring Happiness.

December's fourth, eighth, thirteenth and the Day,

Our LORD was born, we likewise reckon may;

The rest of them are most indifferent,

And some we find to be malevolent.

The Comical Humours of the Jovial
London Gossips, or a Dialogue between
a Widow, a Wife and a Maid, over a
Cup of the Creature.

A P R O L O G U E.

WHile Country Gossips oil their Tongues with Ale,
Dull Liquors serving for a homely Tale;
We Citizens with Sack our Palates liquor,
Which makes our Tongues more free, our Senses quicker.
Ale stupifies and makes the Senses muddy,
Your right Wine Gossips tattle without Study:
For true extemporary Gossiping and Witty;
The Country World can't parallel the City.

Wid. **G**ood Morrow Cuz Margaret, how d'y: do?
It was a VVonder thus to meet with you.
You'r grown more strange of late than heretofore,
You us'd to call as you came by the Door;
Prishee what lucky Business brought thee hither,
That we should meet at Tavern Door together?

Wife. Why truly Cuz I came to meet a Friend,
But on his promise I'll no more depend;
I will not boast what Favours I have shown,
And he to fail me; well 'tis past and gone.

Wid. Come don't fret good Cuz, these flattering
(Men
Seldom perform their Promises one in ten;
He promis'd thee some Toy, some pretty thing;
Wife. You make a Bauble of a Diamond Ring.

Is not the Ring I value, but I swear,
To be thus fool'd.

Wid. Nay prithee Cuz forbear.
Look here comes *Bess*, dost think to pass unknown?
Where goeth my *VVench*?

Maid. To see my Sister *Joan*.

Wid. Come Cozen *Marg*. since we're met so part,
ere's w dow, wife and maid, let's drink and chat.
Up in good Cozen you are next the Door,
the Pint in Kindness and away, no more. (tended.

Wife. My Husband's forth, the Shop must needs be
should he find me from home he'll be offended.

Maid. And pray excuse me, troth I must away.
My Mother's gone abroad, I dare not stay.

Wid. *VVhat* should you fear you Babies, here's
(a Life,

always run those Hazards *Maid* and *Wife*.

Bess, I'll have no Excuse, thou shalt stay.

What teent so oft, we don't meet every Day.

Cozen, come follow me I'll be your Guide,

Maid. My Mother if I stay too long will chide.

Vint. Ye're welcome Gentlemen, walk up stairs
this is a publick Room where all repairs. (here.

Wife. 'Tis not worth while, let's take it standing

Wid. No, no, walk up, show us a Room my Dear.

Vint. Pray follow me, now Ladies what *VVine*
(drink ye?

Wife. *VVhat VVine* is best for our Complexions
(think ye?

Vint. I have no Physick Ladies.

Wife. But as good;

or wholesome *VVine* creates the best of Blood.

Wid. *VVell*, hast good Claret?

Vint. I, the best in London.

Wid. Either draw good, be quick, or leav't undone.

Vint.

Vint. Here is a Glass of brisk, 'tis neat and pure.

Wid. Pray take it Cuz, why are you so demure?
Let's drink familiar.

Wife. To thee honest *Bess*.

I'll drink a Bumper, thou shalt pledge no less.
The Wine is good, believ't, nay fill your Glass,
We'll have no flinching *Bess*; round let it pass.

Wid. Ay, ay, pinging now—come toss it up,
If here were Men we would but kiss the Cup.
But now let's bar dissembling, and be merry,
Till with this Wine we make our Senses weary;
No Sweet-hearts now our Actions can survey,
No, no, we're safe enough, come drink away.

Maid. To you forsooth.

Wid. Nay, prithee call me *Nan*.

Maid. O Dear! methinks I drink like any Man.

Wid. Now Cuz, to all our Friends in *Soper-lane*
I wonder what is become of honest *Jane*.

Wife. Oh she is gone to dwell at *London wall*,
But dish about Cuz, faith I'll pledge them all.

Wid. The Wine is brisk, 'tis very good in truth.
Bill 'tother Quart, prithee go right good Youth.
I smile to think how merry we have been,
When we you know were choosing King and Queen
And *Jane* was there; well *Jane's* an honest Maid;
O the mad Tricks that we mad Weachts plaid.
We'll let them talk and praise the married Life.
I that have liv'd both Widow, Maid and Wife.
And try'd all Pleasures, will maintain it still,
That of the Three, Maids have the World at Will.

Wife. Yet for all that before I saw Fifteen,
I wish'd that I my Wedding-day had seen.
I think here's none but Friends, put to the Door
I long'd for' *Bess*, no Woman could long more.

Wid. I, Tittle Tattle *Bess* it must be done.

Would not for the World have liv'd a Nun.
by Experience know Maids are inclin'd

to taste thofe Sweets, and have a longing Mind.

Wife. Coz, tho' you on *Venus* Sports have fed,
you should not put such things in *Bess's* Head.

Maid. Nay (if you go to that) she cannot show,
nor can you tell me more than I do know.

Wid. Well Cozen well, those days are with us past.
at here the Glass stands still, pray who drank last?

Wife. Why that I did to *Bess*, Maids are so shy.

Maid. 'Tis Maidens Modesty, if they deny.

Wid. Come drink about, the Cup stands at your
(door,

Maid. Indeed forsooth I drank off three before.

We are to blame, truly we drink like Men. (again.

Wid. Tush Wench, who knows when we shall meet
we need not fear of Husbands to be blam'd.

Maid. But by my truly I am e'en asham'd.

Wid. We are secure if we by none are seen.

the Husband kissing smells where's Wife has been.

Wife. I'll take my Glass as freely as the rest,

Husband's Smell! faith that's a pretty jest.

are as little for my Husband's smelling,

we're a Woman now in *London* dwelling.

Maid. Nay, that's the truth on't I believe he's
(kind,

ould I as well were fix'd to my Mind.

Wife. As kind a Man as Woman need to lie with.

Maid. Why such a one who would not live and
(die with?

Wid. My Husband did to other Girls incline,

Wife. Nay mine is constant by this Glass of Wine.

Maid. When Wives and Widows meet, there's
(such a-do,

whose Choice is best, who's false, and who is true

Wife.

Wife. Bess, while I live I'd rather yearly marry,
Than live a Maid and on Preferment tarry.

Maid. Yes, but when marry'd will forsake his Bed
To graft Brow-antlers on your Husband's Head.

Wid. Come say no more, let's not fall out for shame
Drawer, go fill us t'other Quart o'th same.

Wife. We shall be trim'd, and have our wits refresh'd
I faith we shall if you may have your Mind.

Wid. Come to thy Husband Cuz, a full Carouse,
And all our Friends Bess, at thy Mother's House.

Wife. With all my heart, this wine is not the worst

Wid. Cozen, I think 'tis better than the first.
But Bess, art towards Marriage to thy Mind?

Maid. I have a Sweet-heart is exceeding kind,
As good condition'd as e're trod on Shoe,
And by this Wine as stout and proper too.
To try his Love sometimes I feign me sick,
Which makes him weep.

Wife. That's e'en my good Man's Trick.
I force a Sigh with half a dozen Groans,
My Love crys he, this 'tlls to breed young Bones.
Well *John* says I, why dost thou jeer my Pain?
Then by this Wine the Fool will weep again.

Wid. Cozen you are happy in so kind a one,
I had a Clown would let me sigh and groan;
If he had liv'd till now, I do protest,
I would have done a thing; well let that rest.
Bess, never marry with a red hair'd Man,
Make Choice of a dark brown one if you can.

Maid. A Carrot Beard I always have abhor'd,
And with my Heels I scorn it by the Lord.

Wife. O choose a black Man if I may advise.
Why Black's a Pearl in any Woman's Eyes.
What think't of my good Man, black as a Cole.

Maid. I love a black Man with my very Soul.

Wid. Drawyer, Boy.

Vint. Coming, coming, what d'ye lack?

Wid. Sausages, Boy. and fill a Quart of Sack.

Maid. Nay, pray no more, indeed 'tis time to part.

Wid. We'll call a Reckoning after t'other Quart.

Maid. Enough's a Feast.

Wid. Well *Bess*, thou'rt in the right.

Yet we want that who lie alone all night.

Wife. That you may both remedy when you will.

Bess was not made to live a Virgin Kill.

Whose Fault is't but your own you do not marry?

Were I as thre I'd not a Fortnight marry.

Maid. 'Tis not my Fault, when young Men came a
My Mother cries, I must not yet be doing. (*woeing.*

Wid. Then by my Faith your Mother is to blame.
She knows Fifteen may Husbands justly claim.

Maid. Fifteen! why I was that last *Lady-day*,
and yet my Mother tells me I must stay?

Sixteen next *March*, I am no less in truth,

Must I to please her linger out my Youth?

Shall she command, well I know what I think,

ay, by this Sack I do, and so I'll drink.

Wid. Fifteen! no more, would I could say so too.

I'd never ask my Mother what to do.

She thinks 'tis idle thus with Love to dally,

Were it my Case, I'd never stand shally, shally.

Maid. I drink so much my Checks are very warm.

Wife. Sweet *Eliz.* good-Wine can do no harm.

Wid. Where's this Boy? knock Cuz or ring the Bell.

Were the Wine burnt, I think it may do well.

Maid. My Mother says burnt Sack is good at
(*night.*

Wife. Upon my word your Mother's in the right.

Wid. Lad, take this Wine, we will have it burn'd.

Our three Minds are to one Centre turn'd;

Sack

Sack when 'tis sugar'd will not be so heady,
 And prithee see the Sausages be ready.
 Faugh what a Stink is here? I'm like to choak,
 Now out upon't it is *Tobacco-smoak*.

Wife. As sure as this is Wine I mean to drink,
 There cannot be a more detested Stink;
 But mine is such a kind and loving Man,
 That he'll smoak none if I say do not *John*.

Wid. The Wine stands dying in the Cup I think,
 Come *Bess*, 'tis thy turn wench, to whom dost drink?
 Come dish about, thou dost thy self forget,
 While we are here lers have our Lips kept wet.
 I'll pledge thee Girl; nay prithee drink it up.
 A Gossip's round, thar's every one a Cup.
 Look Cuz here's Fidler's; shall we have a Song?

Wife. I am afraid then we shall stay too long

Wid. No, no, I'll warrant; come Boy quickly sing
 But Sirrah look it be a pleasant thing.

S O N G.

Fidler. **C**ome listen Virgin she that calls
 To your attentive Ears,
 Was born within the City Walls,
 And is of tender Years.
 My yielding Heart was soon betray'd,
 And now too late I find,
 I am neither Widow, Wife, nor Maid,
 But of another kind.

Why should I boast my partly Grace,
 Or my Descent proclaim.
 What Features do adorn my Face,
 Or my Perfections name.
 Those Excellencies are decoy'd,
 And like the fading Rose;

*I am neither Widow, Wife, nor Maid,
O no, I'm none of those.*

*What tho' in Dancing I had Skill,
And well could touch the Lute,
Those things converted are to ill,
And made of Disrepute.*

*In Infamy I'm now arrayed,
And I may speak with Shame,
I am neither Widow, Wife, nor Maid,
Though something else I am.*

*A comely Youth as ever trod,
Upon a Leather Shoe,
Genteel in Habit Ala-mode,
To conquer me did woe ;
Mine Eyes ne're saw a brisker Blade,
He woo'd me 'till in short,
I am neither Widow, Wife, nor Maid,
But of another Sort.*

*A certain time we did agree
Upon the Weeding Day,
I'll give thee Earnest, Love, quoth he,
O do not say me nay.
Doubt not my Constancy he said,
Or think I'll prove unkind,
I am neither Widow, Wife, nor Maid,
But something else I find.*

*O false, unconstant, and untrue,
I blush, I blush for Shame,
And yet I leave thee like a Jew,
Without a Christian Name.
Yet though I both our Names will hide,
My Sorrow I'll repnt,*

*I am neither Widow, Wife, nor Maid,
But of another Sort.*

*Thus I poor Virgin lost the Field,
When Cupid got on Wing,
Who shot, and quickly made me yield,
To let him do the thing.*

*And now he hath my Love repay'd,
With Treachery and Lies,
I am neither Widow, Wife, nor Maid,
But of another Size.*

Wife. This is good Counsel *Bess*, be sure take heed.

Maid. The Counsel is exceeding good indeed.

But venture me, should any be so bold,
To serve me so; who could forbear to scold?
Nay, should his Boldness offer but to feel,
A saucy Clown I'd scorn him with my Heel,
Here's Six-pence to the Musick for my Share.

Wid. And mine, for that shan't go bare.

Wife. And mine, for I love singing with my heart.

Wid. Now Fidler go. Boy bring us t'other Quart.

Wife. This brisk Wine my good Man does allow,

A Quart a Meal as I may tell to you:

'Tis his best Course to please me at my Dier,

Or for a Month he shall not be at quiet:

Then a new Mantua Gown must make amends,

He'll kiss, and pray, nay pritheee Love be Friends;

I let him court and speak me fair a while,

And when the sullen Humour's off, I smile.

Wid. Faith Cozen *Margaret* I commend thy Wit,
For so a Hair thou dost his Humour fit.

Maid. Methinks 'tis the strangest Course you take,
Why, I thought Men had lov'd for Kindness sake.

Wife. *Bess*, thou dost know but little it appears,

But

But thou wilt learn more as thou growest in Years ;
 Alas poor Girl it is thy Maiden Blindness,
 To think Mens Love must still be sed with Kind-
 (ness.

No, *Bess*, their Love must sometimes be oppos'd,
 So here's to you both against you are dispos'd.

Wid. That's a good Boy, and now the Cloth is
 (spread,

Go fetch a Slice of your own Household-bread :

Why this is something like, 'tis Sterling Plate.

Wife. Why that I love, but Pewter Cuz I hate.

Maid. Well, were I married I should never scold.

Wid. Pish, while ye talk the Sausages grow cold,
 Come fall too Cousin *Margaret*, pray begin,
 You know cold Puddings are not worth a Pin.

Wife. They're pretty Salt, to relish Wine withal.
 Nay, pledge me *Bess*, nay, by my troth you shall.

Maid. Look Gentlewomen, is it full do ye think?
 I scorn to be intreated to my Drink.

Wid. Why dost thou smile *Bess*, prithee let me
 (know?

Maid. When I'm in Company with Men or so,
 I kiss the Cup, and on the Wine I frown,
 And making sower Faces set it down.
 Then will they say, Lady, be not afraid,
 Pray mend your Draught, you drink so like a Maid.

Wife. Talk not so loud *Bess*, what will People think?
 The Vintner's Boy went laughing by this Drink.

Wid. Why did he so? You Sirrah do you hear?
 Do so again, I'll jowl ye by the Ear.

Tho' Goodman Boy, you think that we are mellow,
 The meanest of us is thy Master's Fellow.

Wid. Tush let it pass, tho' Boys will fancy be,
 Your Matter lives, you Rogue, by such as we.

Wid. Sirrah, call t'other Lad, he's better bred,

Where did you learn your Manners Logger-head?

Bid him bring t'other Quart, and what's to pay,

Unless he draws our Wine we will not stay.

Come hither Youth, what do's thy Master doubt us?

That he allows his fancy Boy to flout us.

Vint. No truly Madam, 'tis my Master's Mind,

That we to all his Customers be kind,

He is the most obliging Man in Town,

Although my Fellow-Prentice be a Clown.

Wid. What is thy Name?

Vint. Forsooth my Name is *Will*.

Wid. Where wert thou born?

Vint. Here but at *Fish street-hill*.

Wid. *William*, we come not here to be abus'd,
We could go where we might be better us'd;

William we have some Credit where we dwell,

And *William*, Boys should use their Betters well.

For *William*, but suppose the Case your own,

That you were drinking where you were unknown,

And that you were as we are at this Season,

Would you be jeer'd, ha *William*?

Vint. Faith no reason.

Wid. *William*, thou answerest like a Man of Sense,
For truly *William*, 'tis a base Offence.

And *William*, *William*, I would have you know,

You shall be paid the Reckoning e're we go.

And therefore *William* this Affront we scorn,

For we are *London* Gentlewomen born.

William, we talk, yet care not who does hear it,

No by this Glass of Sack.

Vint. You need not swear it.

Now pray accept my *Fier*, shal't be the same,

Or any other what you'll please to name?

What say you Ladies? speak, I'll quickly fill.

Wid. Let it alone, prithee kind hearted *Will*.

Thou

Thou lovest nothing by thy Courtesie,
But pritheer *William* learn one thing of me;
Draw *Londoners* the best that can be had,
And let the *Country clowns* help off the bad.
Out-face those Fools, tell them a flattering Tale,
For all their Judgment lies in Pors of Ale.

I need not teach thee twice to do amiss. (this.

Wife. We might have drank kind *Wm's* Pint by
Vint. And you shall have it instantly, I run.

Wife. Let him bring his Pint, and we have done.
He may afford, each Quart did want a Filling.

Wid. But take it kindly 'cause the Youth was
(willing.

Vint. Forsooth I hope your Wine is very good.

Wid. *William* that saucy Boy has vext my Blood.

William, I grant the Wine was not amiss,
But an aff-out no Man would offer this.

William, be sure to please your Customers well.

But William, when didst first come here to dwell?

Vint. Forsooth my Time is out the tenth of *May*.

Wid. *William*, 'twill be thine own another Day.

Come drink to *William* (*Bess*) why art so sad?

For truly *William* is a hopeful Lad.

Come *William* drink, come pritheer *William* do.

Vint. Forsooth I'll pledge you, and I thank ye too.

Wid. Now *William* what's to pay, and take your
(Money.

Vint. Forsooth, there's just ten Shillings and a
(Penny.

Wid. Here tell it *William*, 'tis all very right.

Vint. You're kindly welcome.

Mid. Aids my Life, 'tis Night!

Wife. Hark, Bow-bell rings, I do protest 'tis late.

Wid. *William*, good night, I pray take up your
(Place.

Dia

Dialogues and Songs upon sundry
Occasions, full of Mirth and in-
nocent Recreation.

*A Dialogue between Thomas and Margery,
Two Country-lovers.*

Thom. **W**ELL met *Margery*; whither art thou walking all alone, this sweet and pleasant Morning?

Marg. With my Dame's Leave, I am going to Bonny Face-Fair.

Thom. Passion on my Heart! It is pity such a Pigmies as thee should walk alone; stay at Mother Leather-coats the drinking of a Jug of Ale, while I step home to put on my Holiday Cloaths my dear Duck, and I'll go along with you, if you'll be pleas'd to accept of my Company?

Marg. I thank you; and since you are so kind, as to proffer your Service, it shall be very acceptable to me; we are at the Door, let us enter in.

Thom. Show us a Room: Bring a Jug of Ale and a Cake.

Mother Leather-coat. I shall, *Thomas*.

Marg. I will pledge you with all my Heart, thanking you for all your Kindness.

Thom.

Thom. Do not think me long, for I shall return again with all the Expedition I can; and so farewell.

Marg. Sure I shall have good Luck. Fortune has been extraordinary kind to me in sending *Thomas* to be my Walking-mate; for indeed, what Comfort could I have expected, walking alone like a wandering Jew? Well, he is an honest Fellow, and I am persuaded there is something more in this than I am aware of; who knows but he may have a mind to make me his Wife; which if he should, I shall be a happy Woman, for he is good-natur'd: But hold, he comes, I must keep a steady Countenance.

Thom. My Dear, I hope I have not tired thy Patience in staying so long; my Master and I had a woundy Tussle together, about my putting on my Roastmeat Cloaths; for nothing would serve him, but I must needs go this Day to Plough, but I plainly told him, that he must excuse me, for I was otherwise disposed.

Marg. I hope thou didst not tell him, that thou meetest with me, and that I was the Cause of keeping thee from thy Business.

Tho. No, no, Uddwoggers I had more Wit in mine Anger than that comes to. I'll warrant thee, Girl, though I am a poor silly Fellow, I am not a downright Fool; Come fill us the other Jug, that we may chear up our Hearts; for I'm afraid we shan't light of better Liquor, than this is, at the Fair.

Marg. I must needs say it is a Cup of good Ale, and my Mother Leather-coat seldom or ever has any worse, I'll say that for her.

Thom. Sweet Margery, once more to thee, and to our better Acquaintance; for we may live in Love, and marry, and get a whole Generation of Children which may stock the Country: What say'st thou to that my Dear?

Marg. You talk merrily *Thomas*, and there must go many Words to that Bargain, before we arrive to those Enjoyments.

Thom. Yes, my Dear, that may be; yet nevertheless, thou shalt not want Honey Words and happy Deeds, my sweet Jewel: But I see what I found, as I came a-cross the long Field: It is a Writing and a Song too; certainly it dropped out of the Clouds, and for ought I know, it may betoken some good Fortune to my happy Proceedings.

Marg. How will you do to know the Tune?

Thom. Let me alone for that, I have plaid upon a Crowd and Bagpipe this six or seven Years for my own Diversion; therefore certainly I cannot be without a Tune, and so thou shalt find.

S O N G.

M*Y* Name is Fortune, who hath sent,
Kind *Thomas* to his Hearts Content:
Therefore be kind to her I pray,
And with thy Love keep Holiday.

For she will prove a virtuous Wife,
The Joy and Comfort of thy Life;
Then take her, tho' she be but poor,
Thou shalt be blessed with happy Store.

You

*You shall have true Prosperity,
Thriving by your Industry.
So long as you together live;
This is the Portion which I'll give.*

*Nay more than that, as I am true,
Thou shalt have Sons and Daughters too,
That shall their Parents honour still,
And all your Days with Comfort fill.*

*If you are loving, true and kind,
And bear these Lessons still in Mind,
Thy well beloved Margery,
Shall be a loving Wife to thee.*

*But if to her you prove untrue,
Then shall I be unkind to you;
Instead of Blessings which I'll send,
Ten thousand Crosses shall attend.*

*Thy wretched Life unto the Grave,
While she another Love shall have,
Which may deserve her more than you,
Mind what I say: Farewel, adieu.*

Marg. This is a delicate Song; and if I may speak it without Flattery, you have as excellent a Voice by my Troth, as ever I heard in my Life.

Thom. It could be no otherways expected, but that I should sing well, having thy lovely Company, which sweetens all Things; and besides, I am perswaded, that this is a Song written by Fortune's own Hand, which

she was pleased to lay in the way for me to find, and she seldom sets any of her favourable Sonnets to an ordinary Tune: More than that, in these Lines, she has laid her strict Commands upon me to court thee as a Wife, and upon the due Performance of the same, she has promised to bestow on me many of her excellent Favours.

Marg. Alas *Thomas*, I am but a poor innocent Country-Girl, and you make me blush to hear you talk at this Rate: Come let us hasten to the Fair, for it is near nine of the Clock, and we have four or five Miles still, and I dare not be out late at Night.

Thom. Sweet *Margery*, I will not discourse any longer here upon the Point; for when we come to the Fair, we shall have a more convenient Opportunity. Here, what's to pay *Mother Leather-coat*.

Mother Leather-coat. Six-pence, *Thomas*, for two Jugs and a Cake.

Thom. There's your Money, *Mother*; and if we come back in any good time, we will call upon you: And so farewell.

Mother Leather-coat. *Thomas*, pray be kind to my Daughter, for I begin to smell a Rat; in my Conscience it will be a Match: Which if it be, as Old a Woman as I am, I will venture to dance at your Wedding, though it be more than I have done this twenty Years: So Heavens bless you together.

Marg. Well, she is a merry Old Woman, and I have been one of her adopted Daughters ever since I was fit to go to Service; for at any time, when

when I was out of Place, she would invite me to take up her House for my Habitation, until I was better provided, and from this it came to pass, that I called her my Mother.

Thom. Well, in regard she has formerly been so kind to thee, I will likewise have a Respect for her, and will endeavour to get so far into her Favour, that she likewise may stile me her Son: And now let us talk of other Affairs.

Marg. What better Discourse can there be than to chat of kind Friends and old Affairs.

Thom. That is the very Subject I would be upon: Kind Friends are the Encouragers of Love, and Love will lead us to the happy State of Marriage; which Institution is ten times older than my great Grand-mother.

Marg. O me! Has Marriage been of such a long standing? I can hardly believe it; for I have heard my own Mother say, that her Great Grand-mother had nineteen Sons and Daughters, and yet she was never married in her Life; and therefore I thought it had not been in use at that time.

Thom. It was of use then, and many a hundred Years before; yet it is possible, she might avoid Marriage to save Charges, as many do in these Days; but *Margery*, that shall be no Rule for us; for if we do agree upon the Point, believe me, we will enter into the honourable State of Matrimony, that our Sons and Daughters may, being lawfully begotten, inherit the Goods and Lands, which we by our Industry, shall purchase; for I have forgot

forgot the kind Promise of Dame Fortune: And if she should bestow her Favours upon us, who can tell but that I may arrive to be a Constable of a Parish, or a Country Justice of the Peace?

Marg. O me! that would be brave: What a Justice of the Peace! then if I should be your Wife, I shan't go a milking then, *Thomas*, shall I?

Thom. No, my Dear, thou shalt have Servants to wait upon thee, and I will maintain thee in a Garb more gay than the Church-wardens Wife; and believe me thou shalt sit in the green Pew a Sundays, where the Eyes of all the Parishioners will be fastned upon thy Beauty, Ha Girl! what think st thou of this?

Marg. I am strangely lifted up to the Height of Ambition, nothing else but golden Conceits possesses my Mind; for methinks, I am a ready in the happy Station which you have been talking of: Let us proceed no further in our Journey to the Fair, but resolve to return home, thereby to get all things ready for our Wedding; for I long to be a Lady in good Truth.

Thom. My Dear, I am willing to consent to any thing that may please thee best; if thou art for making a quick Dispatch of the Business, let us consider with our selves what Money we can raise; I, for my part, have forty Shillings lying by me; besides next Week comes Quarter-day, and then I shall receive a Years Wages more; and let me tell you, this is something towards a good Beginning.

Marg. Indeed so it is, I must confess; and for my part I will produce what I can, though it be not much; I may have perhaps a Matter of Fourteen-pence, which is something towards enlarging the

the Sun; for, according to the old Proverb,
Every little makes a Mickle.

Thom. Thou sayest well; for that is more than
some has had to begin with, who has arriv'd to
great Riches: So my Dear, we will go seriously to
our Business, getting all things ready against the Day
which you shall appoint for our happy Marriage;
when it is over, we shall soon settle our selves in
the World, ready for the Receiving Fortune's Fa-
vours.

Marg. Next Tuesday come seven-night, I pitch
upon for our Wedding day, because I know, long
and lingering Bargains seldom or never come to
good.

*Now to our Homes let us depart,
For thou hast won my yielding Heart,
Which I can give to none but thee;
Then don't forget my Loyalty.*

Thom. My Love, this Promise here I make,
Which I resolve never to break;
I'll make thee then my lawful Bride,
There's none in all the World beside,
That I can fancy but my Dear,
My Constan y thou needs not fear.
Come let us kiss, and so farewell,
We many Years in Joy may dwell.

A Dialogue between two Sisters, NELLY and NANCY.

Nelly. **D**ear Sister, I have been a great Sufferer by the Cruelty of an unkind Lover, *Randal*, that has made so many solemn Protestations of Faith and Loyalty, he, I say, after all, has unworthily left me.

Nancy. Sweet Sister, dry thy watry Eyes, and do not weep; Udsfoot, I would not care a Fig for him, there is more Men than Mouse-trap-makers: Remember the Old Proverb,

*Set your Stool in the Sun,
When one Knave goes, another will come.*

Consider with your self, you are but young, and if you stay two or three Years unmarried, it will be time enough then.

Nelly. But woe is me, alas! dear Sister, there is something more in this than you imagine, which makes me lament at this rate.

Nancy. Why what can it be, that should cause you to weep and lament thus, I hope you have not been fooling with him?

Nelly. Yes, verily, I have; I must confess the naked Truth; for indeed, I scorn to be catch'd in a Lie.

Nancy. Udsfoot then, I'll warrant you, he has gotten you with Child: Say you, has he?

Nelly. Yes, Sister, and I am near nine Months gone; yet the unworthy Man never minds me, but laughs at my lamentable Suffering; he has obtain'd

obtain'd his Ends, and now if I please, I may e'en go hang my self, for he values not what becomes of me, this I plainly perceive.

Nancy. Why did you let him take Possession of your dear Tenement, before you had oblig'd him to take a sure Lease; my Meaning is, during Life; for young Men in such Cases, are not to be trusted?

Nelly. Ay, but dear Sister, he had such a soft deluding Tongue, and lik wise used so many prevailing Arguments, that I had not the Power to deny him.

Nancy. What not deny him! In Troth but I would, tho' he had been a better Man than ever stood upon his Shanks.

Nelly. Sister, you cannot think how he tempted me before I in the least consented to his fond Desires. Sometimes he would have me abroad, where he would treat me with the choicest of what could be got for Gold or Silver; at other times he would wait upon me at my Chamber, where many Hours, early or late, he courted me to be kind; and at last, to my Sorrow, through his large Gifts and soft Embraces I was drawn away, and consented to his Request.

Nancy. I would have scorned the greatest Gifts and richest Presents, that he would or could have bestowed upon me, if once I had found he made use of them as Baits and Snares to betray me to my Ruin. I lived with a Master once, who would, when my Mistress was abroad, often kiss and court me, declaring, that if I would not be coy, I should have large
Gifts

Gifts and Golden Presents; but I flew from him with Anger and Indignation, solemnly protesting that I would not stain my Reputation for the Reward of many more Pounds than he was worth; and by this means, I was rid of his future Temptations.

Nel. But take Notice Sister *Nancy*, yours and mine are two different Cases; yours was your Master and a married Man; but mine was a Bachelor and one that pretended to love me above any Creature in the World beside: so that I was perswaded I might let him stray before hand into the Forest of Love and Fancy, without Danger, because I doubted not but he would endow me with the honourable Title of a Wife, whenever I would require it, tho' now to my Sorrow, I find him false and deceitful; but for your part, had you consented, your Crime had been more heinous, because you must needs know his Designs could be no otherwise than base from the Beginning.

Nan. Sister *Nelly*, you tell me, that I might be sure that his Designs was not warrantable, I own it would be the Issue of your Lovers Actions? Had he meant any thing honest and honourable, he could not have desired you before-hand to have yielded to the Dancing that Jig which has occasioned your Disgrace.

Disgrace.

Nel. That may be, Sister; but I could not harbour an evil Thought of him; for, as we say, *Love hides a Multitude of Faults*.

Nan. Well, I am sorry for your Misfortune: But what do you think our Mother will say, when she shall come to hear these unwelcome Tydings;

in my Conscience she will be ready to run besides her Senses.

Nelly. Sister, that is the least of my Fear ; for I very well remember, it has been often reported, that she her self was guilty of the same Folly, therefore how can she be angry for a Daughter to do as her Mother has done before her ?

Nancy. Fie, Sister, you are to blame in charging her with that Crime, though peradventure it be true ; for you know, it is an ill Bird that bewrays its own Nest ; and I would not for forty Shillings, that she should know that you bear in Mind the Sins of her Youth ; therefore I pray you to desist from making mention of any such thing, and I will do what I can to reconcile her to you ; and by that means you may be shelter'd from the Disgrace of the World :

*And so my Sister dear, adieu :
Fear not I'll be a Friend to you.*

A Collection of Choice SONGS,
upon fundry Occasions, as they are
sung in Court, City and Country.

To the Newest and Best Play-House Tunes.

The Maiden's Choice.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
A Tinker and a Tayler,
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whose Name was Buxom Joan,
Whose Name was Buxom Joan.
For now the Time was ended,
When she no more intended,
To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
And lie o' Nights alone,
And lie o' Nights alone.
The Soldier swore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder,
And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
Which he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her sake,
With fighting for her sake.
The Taylor thought to please her,
With offering her his Measure,
The Tinker too with Mettle,

Said

said he could mend his Kettle,
 And stop up every Leak,
 And stop, &c.
 But while these three were prating,
 The Sailor slyly waiting,
 Thought if it came about, Sir,
 That they should all fall out, Sir,
 He then might play his Part,
 He then, &c.
 And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
 The Loggerheads they went, Sir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
 Which won this Fair Maid's Heart,
 Which won, &c.

The Richmond Recreation.

Strike up, drowsie Gut scrapers,
 Gallants be ready, each with his Lady,
 At it about, till the Night be run out,
 Let no one's Humour pall.
 Frisk Lads, now cut your Capers,
 At your Legs to't and show you can do't ;
 Frisk, frisk it away, till Break of Day,
 And high for Richmond Ball.
 Fortune-biters, Hags, Bawd-fighters,
 Mockers of the Woods, and stale City Goods ;
 Cherubims and Seraphims,
 Caravans and Haradans,
 In order all advance.
 Wittenham Loobies, Thistleworth Boobies,
 Fops of the Town, and Beaus that have none ;

Ye Jacobites, as sharp as Pins,
 Ye Mounseurs, and ye Shooterkins,
 I'll teach you all the Dance.
 Cast off Thom behind Johnny;
 Do the same Nanny, Eyes are upon ye;
 Trip in between little Dicky and Jane,
 And set in the second Row.
 Then then cast back you must too,
 And in the first Row nimbly thrust through;
 Then turn, then turn about to the left, or ye're out,
 And meet with your Love below.
 Pass then cross, then Jockey's pretty Last,
 Then turn her about, about and about;
 And Jack if you can do so too,
 With Betty whilst the Time is true,
 We'll all your Ear commend;
 Still there's more to lead all four,
 Tarry Nancy stand, and give her your Hand,
 Then cast her quickly down below
 And meet her in the second Row,
 The Dance is at an End.

The Praise of a Woman.

HOW lovely is a Woman before she is enjoy'd
 When the Spirits are strong, and the Fanc
 (not cloy'd)
 We admire every Part, though never so plain,
 Which, when truly possess'd, we quickly disdain.
 Each Lady we court, and beg they'd be kind,
 And when they consent to be of one Mind,
 We kiss and embrace, and do what's to be done.
 When their Bellies are full we leave them forlorn.

All Woven we see we hope to enjoy,
We think our selves happy if they prove not coy;
Each Feature we praise and admire their Parts,
Tho' to the next Face we do proffer our Hearts.

On a Jewel received from a Lover at Parting.

When cruel Time inforced me
subscribe to a diving,
Heart all Faith and Loyalty,
I left you fl. shly bleeding.
In Requital gave a Stone,
not easie to be broken;
An Emblem sure that of your own
Heart's Hardness 'twas a Token.
Fate! what Justice is in this,
that I a Heart must tender;
and you so cold in Courtesies,
as but a Stone to render?
Either your Stone turn to a Heart,
that Love may find requiting:
Or else my Heart to Stone convert,
that may not feel your Slighting.

The Bonny Milk-Maid.

YE Nymphs and Sylvian Gods,
that love green Fields and Woods,
when Spring newly blown,
her self doth adorn,
with Flowers and blooming Buds;
come sing in the Praise,
whilst Flocks do graze

in

In yonders pleasant Vale,
of those that choose
their Sleep to loose,
and in cold Dews
with clotted Shoes
Do carry the Milking-Pail.

The Goddess of the Morn,
With Blushes they adorn,
and take the fresh Air,
whilst Linnets prepare,
A Consort on each green Thorn;
The Black-bird and Thrush
on every Bush;
And the charming Nightingal,
in merry Vein,
their Throats do strain,
to entertain
the jolly Train
That carry the Milking-Pail.

When cold bleak Winds do roar,
And Flowers can spring no more,
the Fields that were seen,
so Pleasant and Green,
By Winter all candid o're.
Oh! how the Town Lass
looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly Pale;
but it is not so
with those that go
through Frost and Snow,
with Cheeks that glow,
To carry the Milking-Pail.

The Charming Bride.

THe danger is over, is over, is over, the danger is over,
 The battle, the battle the battle, the battle is past;
 The Nymph had her Fears, the Nymph had her Fears,
 But she ventur'd, she ventur'd, she ventur'd, she ventur'd
 (at last:

She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,
 She smil'd, she smil'd at her Folly, and own'd she had
 (won:

By her Eyes we discover the Bride has been pleas'd,
 (been pleas'd,

Her Blushes become her, her Passion is eas'd,
 She dissembles her Joy, and affects to look down, down,
 (down, down,

If she sighs, 'tis for sorrow, for sorrow, for sorrow, for
 (sorrow, 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all ye Virgins, ye Virgins, ye Virgins, appear all
 (ye Virgins,

Both aged, both aged, both aged, both aged and young;
 And you that have carried, and you that have carried,
 That burthen, that burthen, that burthen, that burthen
 (too long,

Who lost precious time, and you who are losing,
 Betrayed, betrayed, by your Fears, 'twixt doubling and
 (choosing,

Draw near, and learn what will settle your Mind,
 You'll find, you'll find your selves happy, when once you
 (are kind.

So but wisely resolve the sweet venture to run, run, run,
 (run,
 The loss will be little, be little, be little, be little, and
 (much to be won.

The On

*On the solemn Protestations of a Loyal
Lover.*

NOW (as I live) I love thee much,
 And fain would love thee more,
 Did I but know thy Temper such,
 that could my Foy restore.
 But to engage thy Virgin Heart,
 then to leave it in Distress,
 Were to betray thy brave Desert,
 And make thy Glory less.
 Were all the Eastern Treasures mine,
 I'd lay them at thy Feet;
 But to invite a Prince to dine
 with Air it is not meet.
 No let me rather pine alone;
 then if my Fate prove coy,
 I can dispence with grief my own,
 whilst thou hast Showers of Foy.
 But if through my too niggard Fate
 thou shouldst unhappy prove,
 I should grow mad and desperate,
 through killing Grief, and Love,
 Since then, tho' more I cannot love,
 without thy Injury,
 As Saints that to an Altar move,
 my Thoughts to thee shall fly.
 And think not that the Flame is less,
 for 'tis upon this score,
 Wer't not a Love beyond Express,
 my Dear it might be more.

The Private Encounter.

OH fie ! what mean I foolish Maid,
In this remote and silent Shade,
To meet with you alone ;
My Heart does with the place combine,
And both are more your Friends than mine,
And both are more your Friends than mine,
Oh ! oh ! oh ! I shall, I shall, I shall be undone,
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! I shall be undone.
A Savage Beast I would not fear,
Or should I meet with Villains here,
I to some Cave would run:
But such enchanting Art you show,
I cannot strive, I cannot go ;
I cannot strive, I cannot go :
Oh ! oh ! oh ! I shall, I shall, I shall be undone,
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! I shall be undone,
Oh fie ! leave off this foolish fear,
For I am glad to meet you here,
and I must you enjoy :
This silent Grove and pleasant Shade,
Were for true Lovers pastime made,
Were for true Lovers pastime made :
Then, oh then, do not, do not, do not me deny,
Oh then, oh then, do not me deny.

The little Girls Wish.

Young I am, and yet unskill'd,
How to make a Lover yield ;
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign :
Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true,
Ere I can my Soul disguise,
Heave my Breast, heave my Breast, and roll my Eyes.
F Stay

Stay not till I learn that Way,
 How to lie and to betray,
 He that has me first is best,
 For I may deceive the rest :
 Could I find a blooming Youth,
 Full of Love and full of Truth,
 Brisk, and of a gentle Mein,
 I should long, I should long to be Fifteen.

The Politick Damsel.

From Grave Lessons and Restraint,
 I'm stole out to revel here ;
 Yet I tremble and I pant ;
 In the middle of the Fair :
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! wou'd Fortune in my Way,
 Throw a Lover kind and gay ;
 Now's the time, now's the time
 Now's the time he soon may move
 A young Heart unus'd to Love,
 Shall I venture ; no, no, no,
 Shall I from the Danger go :
 Oh ! no, no, no, no, no, no,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
 I must not try, I cannot fly :
 I must not, durst not, cannot fly,
 Help me Nature, help me Art,
 Why should I deny my Heart,
 Help me Nature, help me Art,
 Why should I deny my Heart.
 If a Lover will pursue,
 Like the wisest let me do,
 I will fit him if he's true,
 If he's false I'll fit him too.

While I am endu'd with Sense,
 To distinguish what is best,

Cupid

Cupid's Darts of Violence,
Shall not penetrate my Breast.
No, no, no, but yet methinks I feel.
What I cannot well conceal,
Let me strive, let me strive,
But me strive the best I can,
To abhor the Thoughts of Man.
Shall I love them, no, no, no,
Shall I from their Kisses go,
Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
I must not take, I can't forsake;
I must not, durst not, can't forsake:
Help me Cupid, grant me Love,
Then by all the Powers above,
Help me Cupid, grant me Love,
Then by all the Powers above,
If young *Strephon* will pursue,
Like the wisest let me do
I will fit him if he's true,
If he's false i'll fit him too.

I have learn'd to act my Part,
Know as well as some have done;
Never will I break my Heart,
Or for Love distracted run;
Free, free, free, from all those Captive Chains,
Weeping Cares and killing Pains,
Let me be, let me be,
Let me be for evermore,
Cupid I do thee implore;
Shall I venture? no, no, no,
Shall I from the Danger?
Oh! no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

Cupid

I must not yield, nor quit the Field,
 I must not, durst not quit the Field ;
 Bless me now you Powers divine ;
 Ne'er was Virgins Case like mine ;
 Bless me now you Powers divine ;
 Ne'er was Virgins Case like mine.
 If a Lover will pursue,
 Like the wisest let me do,
 I will fit him if he's true,
 If he's false I'll fit him too.

The surpriz'd Nymph.

Walking beneath a Shade,
 viewing the grace of a Grove
 Which Nature only made,
 free from the Subject of Love.
 Casting my Eyes around, fairly upon the Ground
 a Nymph so gay,
 Bedeckt with Roses Red,
 With a Garland on her Head,
 fighting there lay.
 I run unto the Maid,
 and clasp'd her close in my Arms,
 At which she smiling said,
 Soft is the raptures of Charms,
 They yield a Love Delight ;
 Press on with all your Might,
 you'll please me then ;
 Tho' Nymphs are seeming coy,
 The World affords no Joy
 so sweet as Men

The Two Victorious Cupids.

Cor. **N**ow the Maids and the Men are making
 of Hay,
 We have left the dull Fools, and are stolen away ;
 The

Then *Mopsa* no more
Be coy as before,

But let us merrily, merrily play,

And kifs, and kifs, the sweet time away. [bold?

Mop. Why, how now, Sir Clown, how came you so
I'd have you to know I'm not made of that mold:

I tell you agen,

Maids must kifs no Men.

No, no, no, no, no kissing at all;

I'll not kifs till I kifs you for good and all.

Cor. No, no.

Mop. No, no.

Cor. No not kifs you at all?

Mop. Not kifs, till you kifs me for good and all.

Not kifs, &c.

Cor. Should you give me a Score

'Twould not lessen the Store;

Then bid me chearfully, chearfully kifs,

And take, and take my fill of your Bliss.

Mop. I'll not trust you so far, I knew you so well.

Should I give you an Inch, you'd take a whole

Then Lord like you'd rule,

[Ell;

And laugh at the Fool.

No, no, &c.

Coy Cælia's Cruelty.

C*ælia* that I once was blest,
is the Torment of my Breast,

Since to cure me you bereave me,

of the Pleasure I possess:

Cruel Creature to receive me,

First to love and then to leave me.

cruel Creature, &c.

Had you the Bliss refused to grant,

I then had never known the Want;

But possessing once the Blessing,

Is the Cause of my Complaint:
 Once possessing is but tasting,
 'Tis not Bliss that is not lasting,
 Once possessing, &c.

Celia now is thine no more,
 But I am hers and must adore;
 Not to leave her will endeavour,
 Charms that captiv'd me before;
 No unkindness can discover,
 Love that's true, is Love for ever,
 No unkindness, &c.

The Happy Man.

DAME Fortune has been kind to me,
 Thanks for her Liberality
 For making me a happy Man,
 I boast more than thousand can;
 For loving Friends I pray behold,
 I have a Wife that cannot scold:
 Nor frown at any Time at all,
 But ready at her Husbands Call,
 Striving to honour and obey,
 In all things still I bear the Sway;
 A happy Man I am behold,
 Who have a Wife that cannot scold.

Cupid's Kingdom.

WERE I to choose the greatest Bliss,
 Were I to choose the greatest Bliss,
 That e're in Love was known,
 'Twould be the highest of my Wish
 To en ——— joy her Heart alone;
 Kings might possess their Kingdoms free
 And Crowns unriv'd wear,
 They should no Rival have of me,
 No, no,
 They should no Rival have of me,

Might

Might
 The
 no
 The
 The
 m
 Hear
 Hear
 But
 And
 My
 Cinth
 Unio
 I'd c
 no
 I'd c
 for
 I'd c
 no
 I'd c
 I'd c
 for

N
 My r
 I can
 One t
 Will n
 Bewa
 'Twas
 Love
 And sh
 Then
 Ages

Might I reign Monarch there ;
 They should no Rival have of me,
 no, no,
 They should no Rival,
 They should no Rival have of me,
 might I reign Monarch there.
 Hear *Cynthia*, hear the gentle Air,
 Hear *Cynthia*, hear the gentle Air,
 But whisper out my Love,
 And prove but half so kind as fair,
 My Sor——rows you'll remove ;
Cynthia, oh ! let us happy be,
 Unite our Hearts in Love,
 I'd change not such Felicity,
 no, no,
 I'd change not such Felicity,
 for all the Joys above.
 I'd change not such Felicity
 no, no,
 I'd change not such,
 I'd change not such Felicity,
 for all the Joys above.

Cruel Cælia.

NO, no poor suffering Heart, no Change endeavour,
 Chuse to sustain the smart rather than leave her ;
 My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms about her,
 I can dye with her but not live without her ;
 One tender sigh from her to see me languish,
 Will more than pay the price of my past anguish.
 Beware, oh cruel Fair, how you smile on me,
 'Twas a kind Look of thine that has undone me,
 Love has in store for me one happy Minute.
 And she must end my Pain that did begin it :
 Then so divine a Bliss, and Pleasures leaving,
 Ages will slide away without perceiving :

Cupid shall guard the doo the more to please her,
 And keep out time and Death when they would seize her.
 Time and Death shall depart, and say when flying,
 Love has found out a way to live by Dying.

The Intreagues of Love.

HOW happy are we
 When we meet with a Beauty,
 That is charming and free,
 and knows more than her Duty;
 Women they were made for Men,
 The Gods above allow the same!
 But this cunning Creature,
 Will not yield to Nature,
 Nor will let you do'r,
 Unless you put her to'r,
 And give her Gold to boot,
 But you, you must swear for ever to be true
 But when the Guinea wins her,
 she's at your Devotion,
 She'll freely let you in Sir,
 and meet you in the Motion;
 T's then, if you behold her Eyes,
 How they roll when at the Sport she lies;
 First she turns the White,
 And then she shuts them Quite,
 And then with all her Might,
 She seems her Lips to bite,
 And swears you'r her delight,
 Such Joys sure she never felt the like before.
 And if you have but Gold, Sir,
 with you she'll be moving,
 She cares not tho' you'r old Sir,
 she will be fond and loving,
 In Love she'll pass the time away,
 And ask you all the Night to stay,

And

And for your Moneys sake,
 She'll hang about your Neck, -
 And glve a Kifs to please,
 And then your Hand she'll squeeze,
 And looking with dying Eyes.
 And swear, swear she dyes, if that you leave her.
 When she's got your Treasure,
 and left you no Money,
 Then you must wait her Leisure,
 while another she calls Honey ;
 She minds not all the Oaths you swear,
 Although you vow you love her ne'er so dear,
 But he, that brings the Cole,
 Shall have my Ladies Hole,
 For Money is the Cry,
 Fine Rigging for to buy,
 Or else she will deny
 The Toy, Toy, the Cullies of the Town call Joy.

The Kingdom of the Birds.

IN the Field in Frost and Snow
 watching late and early;
 There I keep my Father's Cows,
 There I milk 'em yearly;
 Booin' here, Booin' there,
 Here a Boo, there a Boo, every where a Boo,
 We defy all Care and Strife,
 In a charming Country Life.
 Then at Home amongst the Fowls,
 watching late and early :
 There I tend my Father's Owls.
 There I feed them yearly :
 Whooing here, Whooing there,
 Here a whoo, there a whoo, ev'ry where a whoo,
 We defy all Care and Strife,
 In a charming Country Life,

F s

When

When we Summer Fleeces heap,
 watching late and early :
 Then I shear my Father's Sheep,
 then I keep them yearly :
 Baeing here, Baeing there,
 Here a Bae, there a Bae, e'ery where a Bae,
 We defy all Care and Strife.
 in a charming Country Life.
 In the Yard amongst the Logs,
 watching late and early :
 There does lye my Father's Hogs,
 there I feed 'em yearly :
 grunting here, grunting there,
 Here a grunt, there a grunt, ev'ry where a grunt,
 We defy all Care and Strife,
 in a charming Country Life.
 Round about the pleasant Moats,
 watching late and early,
 There I tend my Father's Goats,
 there I water 'em yearly :
 maaing here, maaing there,
 Here a maa, there a maa, ev'ry where a maa,
 We defy all Care and Strife,
 in a charming Country Life.
 When I've fed my Father's Flocks,
 in the Morning early :
 Then I cram his Turkey Cocks,
 there I feed 'em yearly ;
 Goboble here, goboble there,
 Here a gob, there a gob, every where a gob,
 We defy all Care and Strife,
 in a charming Country Life.
 Round my Father's Pond and Lake,
 in the Morning early :
 There I find his Duck and Drake,

ther

There I find 'em yearly:

Qua a quack here, qua quack there,
Here quack, there quack, every where a quack,
We defy all Care and Strife,
in a charming Country Life.

The Slighting Lady.

YOUNG Strephon I once lov'd as dear as my Life,
And he often promis'd to make me his Wife.
But when that the Face young Cælia he see,
He forgot all his Oaths and Vows unto me,
And left me he thought in Despair for to lye,
But i'll never grieve, but i'll never grieve,
no, nor languish not I.

The Reason it seems, why he Cælia does love,
Is because she more wealthy in Riches does prove,
But i'll never matter young Strephon's Disdain,
If he slights my Love, i'll slight him again.
And since he is gone, let him go farewell he,
I may have another, I may have another,
that's better than he.

Young Strephon I find like the Worldling does prove,
If he has but Money he matters not Love,
For were Cælia's Nose to stand all of one VVry,
Great blubber Lips or never an Eye,
Young Strephon to please her would certainly chuse,
But i'll never grieve, but i'll never grieve,
if this Worldling I lose

An old Proverb we have a Stool, in the Sun
That one Knave is gone another may come,
As yet such Impressions my Mind cannot feel
To lay that to my Heart others cast at their Heels,
Then farewell young Strephon i'll bid you adieu,
I shall have another, I shall have another,
that's better than you.

If Strephon is constant, I constant can be,

ther

But

But if he proves false it is all one to me,
 Then Strephon don't boast of what you have won,
 For I'll have another as soon as you're gone,
 My Heart is my own, and so it shall remain,
 Then a Fig for your Love, then a Fig for your Love,
 your Scorn or Disdain.

Young Men I declare are so apt to deceive,
 Maids need have a Care how they do them believe,
 They'll flatter and lye, they'll vow and they'll swear,
 Say more in an Hour you'll find true in a Year,
 I can give them the hearing, but when they are gone,
 They may love if they please, they may love if they please,
 or may let it alone.

Strephon's Answer.

Fair Lady what is the Complaint that I hear,
 That daily is sung, almost every where,
 You say that I promis'd to make you my Wife.
 Marriage you know Madam lasteth for a Life.
 But give me the Lass that is loving and free, [black,
 Be she fair brown or black, be she fair brown or
 'tis the same thing to me.
 You say that my Love unto Calia does hold,
 Because she has great store of Silver and Gold,
 Indeed I confess she's gen'rous and free,
 With a Temper that's charming and pleasing to me.
 Whilst you with Disdain, e'ry day cast an Eye,
 And this was your answer, and this was your answer,
 for Love you may dy.
 Besides when I ask'd if your Love you would grant,
 There's nothing on Earth I could gain, you should
 But yet with a look of such scorn you reply'd, [want,
 You'd have a Coach and six if you were my Bride,
 With Footmen and Pages to hold up your Train,
 But where is the Fortune, but where is the Fortune,
 the same to maintain.

You

You say in this Age Men are all fickle grown,
 Yet you'll have another as soon as i'm gone.
 Well slighting Lady, you're welcome and free,
Celia's my Heart's chiefest Choice you shall see,
 For in *Celia's* Arms will my Happiness prove,
 Her humour is pleasant, her humour is pleasant,
 and sweet is her Love,
 Now slighting Lady your Humour's well known,
 You'll love when you please, or can let it alone.
 Since that is your Temper, now *Celia* for me,
 Her Love is intire, from Pride she is free.
 Embraces of Love are enjoy'd without Strife.
 Since *Strephon* is *Celia's*, since *Strephon* is *Celia's*,
 and *Celia* his Wife.

Lock allfast.

I Am come to lock all fast,
 Love without me cannot last:
 Love, like Counsellors of the Wise,
 Must be hid from Vulgar Eyes;
 'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we must, we must conceal it,
 They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.
 What is promised in Love,
 Is recorded still above,
 And whatever Vows we make,
 Let us keep it for true Love's sake:
 'Tis binding, 'tis binding, and we still,
 we still must own it,
 They are perjur'd, they are perjur'd,
 who disown it.
 Let our Love be just and true,
 For there's none I love but you;
 Let whatever each impart,
 Be lock'd up in t'others Heart,

That

That not one, that no one but our selves
 [Our selves may ever
 Once be able, once be able
 [to discover.

Whilst we secretly do love
 No one can our Joys remove,
 Nor can any one molest
 That which is hid in the Breast,
 'Tis treasure, 'tis treasure, whilst we there
 [we there can keep it,
 From all Rivals, from all Rivals
 [that do seek it.

The Charming Regent's Wish.

Royal and Fair, great Willy's dear Blessing,
 The charming Regent of the Swains,
 Heavy with Care, thus sadly expressing
 her Grief sat weeping on the Plain;
 Why did my Fate
 Exalt me too high?
 If fading State must deprive me of my Joy,
 Whilst Willy is gone,
 Ah, how vainly shines the Sun?
 Till Fates decree,
 The Winds and Sea,
 Waft, waft him to me.
 Large are my Flocks and flowry my Pastures,
 worth Treasures vast of Silver and Gold,
 Where rav'nous VVolves conspire to be Masters,
 devour all my Lambs, and break down my Fold;
 Why whilst here,
 Secur'd me from fear,
 All the wild Herd stood in awe of my Dear;
 But poor helpless I,
 Mourning, sigh, and hourly cry,
 Let Fates Decree,

The

The Winds and Sea,
Wast Willy to me.

The Scotch Hay-makers.

T Was within a furlong of Edenborough Town,
In the rosie time o'th' year, when the grass was
[down,
Bonny Jockey blith and gay, said to Jenny making Hay,
Let's sit a little Dear, and prattle, 'tis a sultry Day:
He long had courted the black brow'd Maid,
But Jockey was a Wag, and would ne'r consent to wed;
Which made her pish and phoo, and cry it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.
He told her Marriage was grown a meer Joke,
And that no one wedded, but the scoundrel Folk
Yet my Dear you shall prevail, but I know not what I ail,
I shall dream of Clogs and filly dogs with bottles at their
But i'll give thee gloves and a bridle to wear, [tails,
And a pretty filly Foal to ride out and take the Air,
If thou ne'r wilt pish and phoo, and cry it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.
That you'll give me Trinkets cry'd she, I believe,
But ah! what in return, must poor Jenny give?
When my maiden treasure's gone I must gang to on town
And roar and rant, and patch and paint and kiss for
Each drunken Bully oblige for pay [half a Croan:
And earn a hated living an odious tuffone way.
No, no, it ne'r shall do, for a Wife i'll be to you,
Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too

ROGER in Amaz.

A Dooks ches went the other day to London town,
In Smithfield such eeking
Such thresting and squeezing,
was never known,

A Zitty of Wood some Volk do call it Bartledorn Vair,
But ches zure naught but Kings and Queens live there.

In

In Gold and Silver Silk and Velvet, each was drest,
 A Lord in his Zattin,
 Was busie a prating,
 Amidst the rest.

But one blue Jacket came, which some do Andrew call,
 Adsheart, talk'd woundy wittily to them all.

At last Cotzooks, he made such Sport, I laugh'd aloud,
 The Rogue being fluster'd,
 He flung me a Custard
 Amidst the Crowd.

The Volk well a laughing at me, then the Vezzen said,
 Besure Ralph, give it to Doll the Dairy-maid.

I swallowed the Affront, but staid no longer there;
 I thrust and I scrambled,
 Till further I rambled
 Into the Vair, [were all at work

Where Trumpets and Bagpipes, Kettle-drums, Fiddlers
 And the Cook rung here's your delicate Pig and Pork.
 I look'd around to see the Wonders of the Vair;
 Where Lads and Lasses,
 With Pudding Bag-Arses,
 So nimble were,

Heels over head as round as a Wheel they turned about
 Old Nick sure was in their Breeches without Doubt.

Most woundily pleas'd I up and down the Vair did range,
 To see the wine Varies,
 Play all the Vegaries:
 I vow 'twas strange.

I ask'd them aloud what Country little Volk they were?

A cross Brat answered me, Che were Cuckoldshire.

I thrust and shov'd along as well as e'er I could,
 At last did I grovel,
 Into a dark Hovel,
 Where Drink was sold:

They brought me Cans which cost a penny a-piece adsheart

I'm

I'm sure twelve ne'r would vill a Country Quart.
 Che went to draw her Purse, to pay them for her Beer,

The Devil a Penny

Was left of my Money,

Che'll vow and swear.

They doft of my hat for a groat, then turn'd me out of doors
 Adswounds Ralph, diast e're zee zuch Rogues & Whores
The discontented Lady.

How vile are the sordid intreagues of the town?
 cheating and lying perpetually sway,
 From the blue Cap to the politick Gown,
 a plotting and soting they waste the Day.

Al! their Discourse is of Foreign Affairs,

The French and the Wars,

Is always their Cry;

Marriage alas! is declining

And I a poor Virgin lye pining,

a curse of their Jarring what Luck have I?

I thought a young Trader, by ogling Charms,

into my Conjugal Fetters to bring,

I planted my Soare too, for one that lov'd Arms,
 but found his Design was another thing.

From the Court Province down to the dull Cits,

Both Cullies and Wits,

Of Marriage are shy:

Great are the Sons of the Nation,

A shame of the wretched Occasion,

A Curse of the Monsieurs, what Luck have I?

The Passionate Squire's Petition.

See yonder she swims and calls Love,
 and fain would be on shore;

She's one of the fairest Faces,

that e're I beheid before;

And I prithe my Dear, call home thy Heart,

and hear thy true Lover's Charms,

For the Phœnix shall be our Guide, Love,

and

and protect us from all Harms.
 A Ship it cannot be built, Love,
 without the Help of a Tree,
 And the very flint-stone shall melt, Love,
 and if I prove false to thee.
 And if I prove false to thee my Dear,
 the Rocks they shall melt in the Sun,
 And the Fire shall freeze like Ice, Love,
 and the Sea shall raging burn.
 Among the delightful Bowers,
 where *Flora* her Mantle spreads,
 With changeable fragrant Flowers,
 rich Garlands do crown our Heads.
 The Lillies, my Dear, shall make us,
 and thus we will live in Love ;
 True Pleasure can ne'r forsake us,
 so long as we loyal prove.
 Sweet Creature, thou may'st believe me,
 I love thee more dear than Gold :
 Why should'st thou delight to grieve me ?
 fair beautiful Saint, behold
 I'll study for thy Promotion ;
 my Heart is to Love inclin'd,
 And will be at thy Devotion,
 sweet Creature be not unkind.

The Happy Shepherd.

How blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses,
 while Drums and Trumpets are sounding alarms,
 Over our lowly Shades all the Storm passes,
 and when we dye, 'tis in each others Arms.
 All the Day to our Herds and Flocks employing
 All the Night on our Flutes, and so enjoying.
 Bright Nymphs of Britain, with Graces attended,
 let not our Days without pleasure expire ;
 Honour's but empty, when our Youth is ended,

all Men will praise you but none will desire :
 Let not your Youth fly away without contenting,
 Age will come time enough for your repenting.

The Desiring Lovers.

Still I'm wishing, still desiring,
 Still she's giving, I requiring,
 Yet each Gift I think too small,
 Still the more I am presented,
 Still the less I am contented,
 Tho' she vows she gives me all.

Can *Drusilla* give no more ?

Has she lavish'd all her Store ?

Must my Hopes to nothing fall ?

Ah ! you know not half your Treasure,

Give me more, give over measure,

Yet you'll never give me all.

The Languishing Lady.

Welcome Death, the Cure of all my Sorrow,
 thou alone canst give me Ease;

Of all the Delights my Senses e're did borrow,

none could e're my Fancy please

Love has transported me so in sadness,

that I languish in Despair;

In all the Degrees of Love I find a Madness,

which causes all my Grief and Care.

When first these Eyes of mine did view him;

O ! how my heart was inflamed to love ;

I lost my Senses ever since I knew him,

since he to me does unconstant prove.

Love that transports me so in Sadness,

makes me languish and complain.

O cruel *Cupid*, come and ease my Madness,

let me no longer grieve in vain.

Farewel Joy and farewel Pleasure,

farewel all things of Delight,

For

For of Sorrow I have had my Measure,
 unto all I bid good Night.
 Farewel to him the cause of all my weeping,
 I hope he will never thrive in Love,
 And she that has gotten his Heart in keeping,
 may she for ever unconstant prove.

The constant Lovers Lamentation.

I Love you more and more each Day,
 fairest of Earthly Creatures :

In Temples I forget to pray,
 'by gazing on your Features.
 When thy fair Face I did behold,
 I stood in Admiration,
 Oh! pity then I you implore,
 I you implore,
 or you have no Compassion.

Heaven gave to Men in Paradise
 Blessings that were not common ;
 But all were Trifles to that Bliss,
 of Soul delighting Woman,
 I love what e're must be my Doom,
 'tis thee I'm still pursuing ;
 Then love me, or I am undone,
 I am undone,

Oh ! love or else I am ruin'd.

Beautiful Jenny.

Jenny has a thousand Charms,
 O ! that she were in my Arms ;
 Oh ! how brisk we'd pass the pleasing Night.
 While the Minutes glide away in sweet Delight.
 What is softer than her tender Arms ?
 What is sweeter than her melting Charms ?
 When she dyes,
 How bright her Eyes, how white her Thighs ?
 What Treasures, Treasures,

Wher

V
 All
 Cro
 A
 F
 Wh

V
 Sloc
 Wom
 He b
 Seem
 But
 Sike
 Jenn
 Mog
 But
 fo
 Nev
 Nev
 She
 For

w
 Ise
 Havi
 But
 Whi
 Had
 Ise
 Whi
 And
 Epson
 Since
 You

Where the Fountain lies?
All the Swains and Shepherds sigh, and bring
Crowns and Garlands, from the fragrant Spring,
And each Shepherdess around,
Fairy Ground does dance,
While Pan does Pipe and Sing.

The Scotch Lovers Complaint.

W Ae's me, what mun I do?
Drink Water Ise may rue,
Since my Heart so muckle Harm beset,
Wounded by a bonny Lass at *Epsom-well* :
Ise been at *Dalking-Fair*,
Seeing the charming Faces there ;
But aw *Scotland*, now guded Faith desie,
Sike a Lip to she, and a loving rowling Eye :
Jenny's Skin was white, her Fingers small ;
Moggy she was slender, strait and tall,
But my Love bears away the Bell from all :
for her I sigh, for her I dye in Despair ;
Never Man in Woman took such Joy,
Never Woman was to Man so coy ;
She'll not be my Honey,
For my Love nor Money ;
well-a-day ! what Torment must I bear.
Ise got up and gang'd away,
Having nothing more to say,
But Ise ever since have felt such Grief,
Which has carry'd me, alas ! beyond relief.
Had I staid at *Aberdeen*,
Ise this Lady had not seen,
Which is the Cause of all my Woe,
And I fear will prove *Fockey's* final overthrow.
Epsom-wells, this Day, I bid adieu,
Since my coming there I needs must rue,
You have Beauties fair, but they are cruel too :

Home

Home i'll return with the Torment I endure,
 Where life court young Jenny to be kind,
 For to ease the Anguish of my Mind ;
 She's better than a Beauty,
 That will not own her Duty,
 Such a one my wounded Heart may cure:

The Maiden's Wish procured.

Silvia the Fair in the bloom of Fifteen,
 Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the Green,
 She had heard of a Pleasure, and something she guess,
 By their tumbling and touzing, and touching her Breast,
 She saw the Men eager, but was at a loss,
 What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close,
 By their praying and whining, and clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing, and sighing and kissing,
 and sighing and kissing so close.

Ah! she cry'd, ah! that a languishing Maid,
 In a Kingdom of Christians, should die without aid,
 Not a gentle fair Lover to yield to my Charms,
 To take me and kiss me within his soft Arms ;
 To instruct a young Virgin that is at a loss,
 What they mean by their sighing and kissing so close,
 By their Praying, &c.

Cupid in the Shape of a Swan did appear,
 He heard the fair Nymph, and he kindly drew near :
 He shew'd her his Arrow and bid her not fear,
 For the pain was no more than a Maiden might bear;
 Which when she had try'd, she was not at a loss,
 What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close,
 By their Praying, &c.

Tenderly these in Embraces did meet,
 The Nymph was divine, and the Swain young and sweet.

The

*Those Pleasures he gave she did double requite,
And all their sweet Joys were as silent as Night;
But in the fair Morn she was not at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close,
By their Praying, &c.*

The Princely Courtship.

WHat shall I do to show how much I love her?
how many Millions of Sighs can suffice?
That which wins other Hearts never can move her,
those common Methods of Love she'll despise?
I will love more than Man e're lov'd before me,
gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night,
Till for her own sake, at last she'll implore me
to love her less, to preserve our Delight.
Since Gods themselves cannot ever be loving,
men must have breathing Recruits for new Joys,
I wish my Love could be always improving,
though eager Love more than Sorrow destroys;
In fair *Aurelia's* Arms leave me expiring,
to be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath,
To the last Moment I'll still be desiring,
never had Hero so glorious a Death.

The Conquering Virgin.

WE all to conquering Beauty bow,
its pleasing Powers admire,
But I ne'r saw that Face till now,
that like yours could inspire;
Now I may say I met with one
amazes all Mankind;
And like Men gazing on the Sun,
with too much Light am blind.
Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
when longing Lovers meet:
Like the divining Prophets Wife,

and

and like blown Roses sweet ;
 Majestick, Gay, Reserved yet free,
 each happy Night a Bride,
 A Meln like awful Majesty,
 and yet no Spark of Pride.
 The Patriarchs to gain a Wife,
 Chaste, Beautiful and young,
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
 and never thought it long ;
 If Beauty would award such Care,
 and Life so long could stay,
 Not fourteen, but four Hundred Years
 wou'd seem bur as one Day.

The Complaining Bridegrom.

[crow'd,

TWAS early one Morning the Cock had just
 Sing hey ding, ho ding, lantridown derry,
 My Holiday Cloaths on, and Face newly mow'd,
 With a hey ding, ho ding, drink your brown berry,
 The Sky was all painted, no Scarlet so red,
 For the Sun was just getting out of his Bed,
 When *Teresa* and I went to Church to be sped,
 With a hey ding, ho ding, shall I come to wooc thee?
 Hey ding, ho ding, will ye buckle to me ?
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, derry, derry, derry,
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, hey lantridown derry,
 Her Face was as fair, as if it had been in Print,
 Sing hey ding, &c.

And her small Ferret-Eyes did lovingly squint,
 with a hey down, &c.

[and Plumbs

Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits

[Thumbs

And her Teeth that were useless for biting her
 Had late, like ill Tenants, forsaken her Gums,
 with a hey ding, &c.

But when Night came on, and we both were a Bed

Sin

Sing hey ding, &c.

(to be said,

Such strange things were done, there is no more
with a hey down, &c.

Next Morning her Head ran a mending her Gown;
And mine was plagued how to pay Piper a Crown,
And so we rose up the same Fools we lay down,
with a hey down, &c.

*The Country Dialogue, sung at Mrs. Mynn's
Booth in Bartholomew-Fair.*

He. **W** Here Oxen do low,
And Apples do grow,
Where Corn is sown,
And Grass is mown;
Where Pidgeons do fly,
And Rocks nestle high,
Fate, give me for Life a Place.

She. Where Hay is well cock'd,
And Udders are stroak'd,
Where Duck and Drake
Cry quack, quack, quack,
Where Turkeys lay Eggs,
And Sows suckle Pigs.

Oh! there I would pass my Days:

He. On nought we will feed,

She. But what we do breed,
and wear on our Backs,

He. The Wool of our Flocks:

She. And though Linnen feels rough,
spun from the Wheel.

'Tis cleanly, tho' coarse it comes.

He. Town Follies and Cullies,
and Mollys and Dollys,

or ever adieu and for ever;

G

She.

She. And Beaus that in Boxes
Lie smuggling their Doxeys,
With Wigs that hang down to their Bums.

He. Good by to the Mell,
The Park and Canal,
St. James's Square,
And Flaunters there ;
The Gaming House too,
Where high Dice and low,
Are manag'd by all Degrees.

She. Adieu to the Knight,
was bubb'd last Night,
that keeps a Blouze,
and bears his Spouse,
and now in great Haste,
to pay what he's lost,
Sends home to cut down his Trees.

He. And well fare the Lad,
She. Improves every Clad,
He. That ne're sets Hand
to Bill or to Bond ;
She. Nor barter his Flocks,
for Wine or the Pox,
To chouce him of half his Days.

He. But Fishing and Fowling,
and Hunting and Bowling,
his Pastime is ever and ever.

She. Whose Lips when you buss 'em
smell like the Beans Blossom,
Oh ! he 'tis shall have my Praise.

He. To Taverns where goes
fower Apples and Sloes,
a long Adieu,
and farewell too,
the House of the Gear,

whof

whose Cook has no Meat,
And Butler can't quench my Thirst;

She. Good-by to the *Change*
where Rantepoles range,
farewel cold Tea
and Ratifia,

Hide-park too, where Pride
in Coaches do ride,
Altho' they be choak'd with Dust.

He. Farewel the Law gown,

She. The Plague of the Town,

Ho. And Foe to the Crown,
that shou'd be run down,

She. With City Jack-Daws
that make Stable-Laws,

To measure by Yards and Ells;

He. Stock jobbers and Skobbers,

And Packers and Tackers,

For ever adieu and for ever.

Cho. We know what you're doing,

and home we're both going,

And so you may ring the Bells.

The Curtain Lecture.

He. **O**F all Comforts I miscarry'd,
When I play'd the Sor and marry'd:

'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on'r,
Those that are in't would fain get out on'r:

She. Eye, my Dear, pray come to Bed,

This Napkin take and bind your Head;

Too much Drink your Brain has dos'd,

You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd:

He. Zurs, 'tis all one, if I'm up or lie down,

For as soon as the Cock crows I'll be gone.

She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,

whof

Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone.

He. From your Arms my self divorcing,
I this Morn must ride a Courting,
Sport that far excels a Madam,

Or all Wives that have been since *Adam*.

She. I, when thus have lost my Due,
Must hug my Pillow when wanting you,
And whilst you rope it all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmless Tea.

He. Pox what care I, take your Slops till you die,
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Month from home.

She. If thus parted, I'm broken hearted,
When I, when I send for you, my Dear pray come.

He. E're I'll be from Rambling hindred,
I'll renounce my Spouse and Kindred :

To be sober I've no Leisure,
What's a Man without his Pleasure.

She. To my Grief then I must see,
Strong Ale and Nantz my Rivals be ;
Whilst you rope it with your Blades,
Poor I sit stitching with my Maids.

He. Zouns you may go to your Gossips you know,
And there if you can meet a Friend pray do.

She. Go you Joaker, go Provoker,
Never never shall I meet a Man like you.

He. If I may'nt in Town debauch it,
Then to *Tunbridge* I will coach it ;
And there living woundy merry,
Drinking on both Red and Sherry :

She. Ay for Waters I dare swear,
That you never will drink there :
But your Wife at Home with Scorn
May drink Water Night and Morn :

He. Pox of the Trade, if that you are so mad,
You may drink on your Water till you're dead.

She.

She.
Can
He.
The
I ab
Tho
She.
And
Sinc
Som
He.
Left
She.
But

I F
I
Sinc
Or g
Yet j
That

I gra
And
Bar
By fo
When
And

How
How
Sure
It's t

She. I believe ye, I'll deceive ye,
Can I, can I lie alone d'ye think in Bed.

He. Can't you lie alone to ease you,
Then take who you will to please.

I abroad must still be gadding,
Tho' it sets my Wife a madding :

She. Well I find you will me tease,
And take your Pleasure and your Ease :

Since it's so, then I will do,
Something daily for to vex you.

He. Will you do so, then together let's go,
Lest a Cuckold at length I should grow.

She. Since you starve it, you deserve it,
But I, but I am an honest Wife you know.

The Young Lover's Enquiry.

I.

I*F Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment ?
If a bitter, O tell me, whence comes my Content ?
Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain ?
Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain ?
Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.*

II.

*I grasp her Hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate Silence I make my Love known ;
But oh ! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
By some willing Mistake to discover Love ;
When in striving to hide it, she reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither can name.*

III.

*How pleasant is Beauty ? how sweet are the Charms ?
How delightful Embraces ? how peaceful her Arms ?
Sure there's nothing so easy, as learning to love,
It's taught us on Earth, and by all things above ;*

And to Beauties bright Standard all Heroes must yield,
For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field.

IV.

To Beauty's bright Scepter thus all things do bow,
'Tis to her that we court, and to her that we woo;
It so strangely does vanquish and soften the Mind,
That we yield at first Sight to a Beauty that's kind:
'Tis a Treasure we dote on, and dream on each Night,
And there's nothing but Beauty can breed such Delight.

V.

As soon as the Morning's bright Rays I beho'd,
(Like a Bride deck'd with Roses, and Rubies and Gold)
Streight I think on fair Celia, divine and so sweet,
And long for to see her and sigh at her Feet:
Every Moment I'm absent, I languish and dye,
And I live by the Sweetness and Beams of her Eye.

VI.

Then grant, O ye Powers, that her I may find
Always yielding to Love, and most charmingly kind;
That at last by Entreaties, she may be my Bride,
And I have the Honour to lye by her Side: (please,
Oh! the Pleasures that Beauties can give when they
They can wound and can cure a poor Lover with Ease.

VII.

I'll envy no Princes but sweetly will live,
Rest contented with Pleasures that Celia can give:
From all Rivals and Fears may we always live free,
And for ever be happy, and ever agree:
Thus Sweetness and innocent Freedom will prove,
All the Joys that kind Heaven gives to those that do live.

The

The Oracles for War,

1.

TO Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms,
Your Ensigns now display ;

Now, now, now, now, now, now, now,

Set the Battle in Array :

The Oracle for War declares, for War declares,
Success depends, Success depends

Upon your Hearts and Spears.

The Oracle for War declares, &c.

2.

Britains strike home,

Revenge, revenge your Country's Wrongs ;

Fight, fight and record,

Fight, fight and record

your selves in Druids Songs :

Fight, fight and record,

Fight, fight and record

your selves in Druids Songs.

3.

Enrag'd, enrag'd, enrag'd, enrag'd,

your Showers of Ball let fly ;

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

let us win the Day, or die :

The Honour of the Field we have, the Field we have,

With loud Huzza's, with loud Huzza's,

Press on you bold and brave.

The Honour of the Field, &c.

4.

Britains maintain your Rights, your Rights,

by conquering Blows ;

G 4

Down,

Down, down with the Pride,
 Down, down with the Pride
 of your late vanquish'd Foes :
 Down, down with the Pride,
 Down, down with the Pride
 of your late vanquish'd Foes.

5.

Lets rouse, lets rouse, lets rouse, lets rouse
 the *British* Lion bold,
 See how, how, how, how, how, how,
 his Heroick Eyes are roll'd ;
 While Silver Trumpets sound a Charge, Charge
 (Front and Rear :
 Break thro' their Ranks, break thro' their Ranks,
 And make 'em fly for Fear :
 While Silver Trumpets sound, &c.

6.

Let them be drove
 Before, before your Conquering Arms
 And cause them to dread
 And cause them to dread
 Great Britain's loud Alarms :
 And cause them to dread,
 And cause them to dread
 Great Britain's loud Alarms.

The Forlorn Lover.

O Yes, O Yes, O Yes, I cry,
 Tell me you loving Standers by
 If you a wandering Heart did see,

Which

Which lately took, which lately took,
its Flight from me?

The Marks I will describe to you,
Such Hearts you'll say there are but few,
'Tis milder than the tender Dove,
And round the same, and round the same,
a Chain of Love.

Just in the middle of this Heart,
There sticks a fatal golden Dart,
From whence fresh Streams of Blood does flow,
Pray did you meet, pray did you meet,
this Heart or no?

Cupid a fatal Arrow sent,
And forc'd it from its Element;
Or it had never gone I'm sure;
Great is the Loss, great is the Loss,
which I endure.

Search all the Vallies, Hills and Plains,
And shady Groves where *Cupid* reigns,
To find my wounded bleeding Heart,
You'll know it by, you'll know it by
the Golden Dart.

If you by Fortune find it there,
Conduct it home to me with Care,
And you shall well regarded be,
For such like kind, for such like kind
Fidelity.

Perhaps my Heart you may behold,
Among the Lambs of *Cupid's* Fold,
Confined like a Captive Slave,
If so one Boon, if so one Boon
of *Cupid* crave:

Intreat him that he'd be so kind,
As not to keep my Heart confin'd;
Tell him what Grief I undergo,
G 5 And

And how mine eyes, and how mine eyes,
like Fountains flow.

Who knows but he to comfort me
May set my Heart at Liberty ;
Which Favour if I once obtain,
My Heart shall ne'r, my Heart shall ne'r
be lost again.

Close in my Breast I'll lock it fast,
And there as long as Life shall last,
I'll keep it close, no Charms I'll view,
Because I find, because I find
what Love can do.

It conquers Kings and noble Peers,
It makes the valiant Soul shed Tears,
Wounding their Hearts and Courage too ;
All this and more, all this and more
fond Love can do.

A Scotch Song.

From Aberdeen to Edinburgh,
I trudg'd it with my Bear,
And thence to London Town did go,
News of my Love to learn.
And now the bonny Lad is come
to Royal Willy here,
So I'll e'en gang contented Home,
sen I have got my Dear.

Diana
It is sh
But sh
That s
Then i
O Dia

T Dick Re
I long An
I've ha Sin
Methh An
VVith Sin
Doll fa As
Yet fi Lik
And c An
Cry'd For
she fa No
Then For

Diana's a Beauty in whom I adore,
It is she that tormented me sore,
But she is cruel because she is fair,
That she leaves me to languish and die in Despair.
Then now and for ever until Death I cry,
O Diana, cruel Diana, 'tis for you that I die, &c.

Country Dick's Courtship.

T Was when the Sheep were shearing,
And under an Oaken Tree,
Dick gave to Doll a Fairing,
Resolved her Love to be.
I long Sweet-heart to bed with thee,
And though I cannot woo,
I've hey pish, hey push, hey foo, hey for a Boy,
Sing shall I come kiss thee now.
Methinks I long to bed thee,
And merrily buckle too
Vvish hey pish, hey push, heyfoo, hey for a Boy,
Sing shall I come kiss thee now.
Doll seem'd not to regard him,
As if she did not care,
Yet simper'd when she heard him,
Like any Miller's Mare:
And cunningly to prove him,
And value her Maiden-head,
Cry'd fie, nay pish, nay fie, and prithee stand by,
For I am too young to wed:
She said she ne'er could love him,
Nor any Man else in Bed,
Then fie pish, fie, nay pish, nay prithee stand by,
For I am too young wed.

Like

Like one that's struck with Thunder,
 Stood Dick to hear her talk,
 All hopes to get her under,
 This sad resolve did baulk;
 At last he swore, grown bolder,
 He'd hire some common Sow,
 For hey pish, hey fie, hey for a Boy,
 Sing shall I come kiss thee now.

In loving Arms did fold her,
 E're sneak, and cringe and cry,
 With hey pish, hey fie, hey for a Boy,
 Sing shall I come kiss thee now.

Convinced of her coy Folly,
 And Female stubborn Will,
 Poor Doll grew melancholly,
 The Grift went by her Mill;
 I hope she cry'd you'r wiser
 Then value what I have said,
 If I do cry, nay fie and pish, and prithee stand by,
 That I am too young to wed.

Bring you the Church-Adviser,
 And dress but the Bridal Bed,
 Then try, tho' I cry fie and pish, and prithee stand
 If I am too young to wed. (by

The Careless Gallant.

O H Molly! Molly! my pretty Molly,
 Come here and set thee down by me,

And

And tell to me what is the Reason
That I am slighted so by thee.

I wish that I had been more wiser,
But she was fairer than all the rest,
For the first time that e're I saw her,
She kindled Fire in my Breast.

O take away this foolish Fancy,
That does torment my tender Brain;
For I take delight in no such Lasses,
That seek to slight me with Disdain.

Oh come sing neatly and compleatly;
Sing Commendation to my Love.
My Heart is with her altogether,
Altho' I am not with my Love.

When I am waking, I am thinking.
Of her I cannot take no Rest,
Tho' every Moment my Mind is on her,
My Love's so fixed to her Breast.

But Time will make an end of all things,
And Love will make an end of me;
But sure there is a Place of Torment,
Will punish her for slighting me.

Why should I love her, and cannot see her,
If I don't speak how should I speed,
If I should write my Love a Letter,
She will say she cannot read.

Oh take away this golden Locker,
And bring to me the Branch also,

I have lost my Love, and that's the Reason,
That is the Cause of all my Woe.

If there be any one that asks me,
What makes me go in this Attire,
I have lost my Love, and that's the Reason,
That I am cross'd in my Desire.

Upon my Head I'll wear no Willow,
Nor yet no Pearl upon my Brow,
I bid adieu to Melancholly,
For I have gained my Freedom now.

If I must wear this mournful Willow,
It is but for a Month or two,
Then I'll lay by my mournful Willow,
And will a Wooing go a-new.

If there be any one that loves me,
Come away and tell me now,
How a Green Garment does become me,
For I am forced to wear it now.

This Willow is a wagging Flower,
All in the Spring-time of the Year,
Young Men may loose many an Hour,
That kiss and court, and ne're the near.

See how the Clouds gather together,
All for to hide the glorious Sun,
But we hope for better Weather,
When our Love-storms are done.

The Bonny Grey-Ey'd Morn.

THE Bonny Grey-Ey'd Morn began to peep,
when Jockey rous'd with Love came blightly on,
And

And who wishing lay depriv'd of Sleep,
abhorred the lazy Hours that slow did run :
But muckle were my Joy, when in my View,
I from the Window spy'd my only Dear,
I took the Wings of Love and to him flew,
for I had fancied all my Heaven was there.
Upon my Bosom Jockey laid his Head,
and sighing told me pretty Tales of Love ;
My yielding Heart, at every Word he said,
did flatter up and down and strangely move :
He sighing kiss'd my Hind, and vowed and swore,
that I had o're his Heart a Conquest gain'd :
Then blushing begg'd that I would grant him more,
which he alas too soon too soon obtain'd.
Not that I do repent I did comply,
but this I needs must own, my yielding Heart
Was quickly overcome by Jockey's Eye,
which gives a deeper Wound than Cupid's Dart :
His Cheeks were Cherry red, his Lips the same,
his Tongue so many Charms could still express,
That e'ry Word he said did raise new Flame,
And kindl'd kindled Fire in my Breast.
My Jockey does a thousand Ways beside
express himself in tender Love to me,
With Arms about my Waste he sighing try'd,
Oh give me thy Consent, or Ie mun dee :
Then with a gentle Kiss does beg again,
that his poor wounded Heart I would but cure,
Not thinking that I felt his Love-sick Pain,
for I alas was his, was his before.
• And now I could no longer hide my Pain,
but let my dearest Jockey know my Heart ;
Oh how he hugg'd me in his Arms again,
and every Kiss he gave did ease my Smart.
Then vowing o're and o're between each Kiss,

he

*He constant would remain while Life did last,
Now tell me Lovers where's the Hurt of this,
For to enjoy when that the Knot's ty'd fast.*

Jockey's Love to Moggy.

Come sweet Lass,
'Tis bonny Weather
Let's together,
Come sweet Lass,
Let's trip it on the Grass,
E'ry where
Poor Jockey seeks his Dear,
And if she don't appear,
He sees no Beauty there.
On our Green
The Louns are sporting,
Piping, Courting,
On our Green
The blissest Lads are seen,
There all Day
Our Lasses dance and play,
And e'ry one is gay,
But I when you'r away.
Jenny bright
With little Francis,
Skips and dances,
(By this Light)
A very pretty Sight:
E'ry Swain
That moves upon the Plain,
For Jenny feels a Pain
But I, and all in vain.

Hark

Hark! the Crowd
To Mirth invites us
And delights us,
Hark! the Crowd
The Piper pipes aloud,
Then lets move,
Their Tunes inspire Love;
And if I cannot prove
So kind, forgive me Jove!

*The Unconstant Woman: Or the valiant
Sailor slighted.*

DID not you hear of a gallant Sailor,
Whose Pockets they were lin'd with Gold,
He fell in Love with a pretty Creature,
As I to you the Truth unfold:
With a kind Salure, and without Dispute,
He thought to gain her for his own;
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
She's gone and left me here all alone.

Don't you remember my pretty Peggy,
The Oaths and Vows you made to me,
All in the Chamber we were together,
That you would never unconstant be:
But you prove strange, Love, and from me range
And leave me here to sigh and moan;
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
She's gone and left me here all alone.

As I have Gold, Love, you shall have Treasure,
Or any dainty kind of Thing,

Hark

Thou

Thou may'st command all Delight and Pleasure,
 And what you'd have, Love, I will you bring;
 But you prove shy, and at last deny
 Him that admires you alone,
*Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
 She's left me here to make my Moan.*

When first I saw your charming Beauty,
 I stood like one all in Amaze;
 I study'd only how to pay Duty,
 And could not speak but only gaze,
 At last said I, fair Maid comply,
 And ease a wretched Lovers Moan,
*Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
 She's gone and left me here all alone.*

I made her Presents of Rings and Jewels,
 With Diamond Stones I gave her too,
 She took them kindly and call'd me Jewel,
 And said her Love to me was true,
 But in the end she prov'd unkind,
 When I thought she had been my own,
*Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
 She's gone and left me here all alone.*

For three Months time we saw each other,
 And she often said she'd be my Wife;
 I had her Father's Consent and Mother,
 I thought to have liv'd a happy Life,
 She'd laugh and toy both Night and Day,
 But at length she chang'd her Tone,
*Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
 She's gone and left me here all alone.*

Many a time we have walk'd together,

Both Hand in Hand to an Arbor Green,
Where Tales of Love in Sunshiny Weather,
We did discourse and were not seen,
With a kind Salute we did dispute.

While we were together alone:
*Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
She's gone and left me here all alone.*

Since Peggy has my Kindness slighted,
I'll never trust a Woman more,
'Twas in her alone I e're delighted,
But since she's false I'll leave the Shore,
In Ship I'll enter, on Seas I'll venture,
And sail the World where I'm not known.
*Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
She's gone and left me all alone.*

The Answer.

MUST I be called Unconstant Woman,
Because I'll not a Sailor wed,
The Reason is, he is no true Man,
Therefore with him I'll never bed.
Not long ago this I do know,
(Though the Sailor oft wou'd vow and swear)
Yet any Woman he'd k for tho' common,
Then come to me and call me Dear.

When that I found his flustering Courtship,
I call'd him false and perjur'd Man,
For thus deluding harmless Virgins,
Excuse your self now if you can:
You know 'tis true that I see you,
Handling a Lad as I pass'd by,
To her you spoke, my Heart is broke,
And if you love me not, I dye.

Then

Both

Then she reply'd, I can't believe ye,
 That what you tell me it is true,
 For Men are oftentimes deceitful,
 And I do fear the like by you.
 Then he reply'd, may I be denied,
 All Blessings that come from above;
 If any Feature, but you dear Creature,
 I ever did or ever will love.

Let all young Women judge of this Sailor,
 If I deserve this Scandal now,
 For to be called Unconstant Woman,
 When he alone 'twas broke the Vow.
 And this is true as I tell to you,
 So perjur'd Sailor fare thee well,
 Now I discover the Unconstant Lover,
 Though he so many Lies did tell.

Young Women who have Sweet-hearts got,
 Take care of Man's deluding Tongue,
 They'll vow that they love you dearly,
 It is often done by Old and Young.
 Thus they will pass from Lads to Lads,
 And vow they love each harmless Maid,
 But I have done with deceitful Man,
 Ne're more my Heart shall be betray'd.

As for his Presents he made unto me,
 They're for him when he calls,
 I scorn to keep what belongs unto him,
 If they were worth the *Indies* all.
 With a free Heart from them I'll part,
 And with the Owner much more free,
 Now I discover the deceitful Lover,
 Who all along has wronged me.

The Good House-wife : Or, A Tydy One.

NOT long ago I marry'd a Wife,
A tydy Huswife, a tydy one,
She makes me weary of my Life,
And I think she proves a tydy one.
I sent her to Market to buy me a Hen, &c.
She lies a Bed till the Clock strikes Ten, &c.
She well may be counted the Queen of Sluts, &c.
She roasted a Hen both Feathers and Guts, &c.
She meant to fill my Belly full, &c.
She dressed a Sheep's head both Horns and Wool, &c.
I went to make my Padding of Fat, &c.
And in it she let her Nose to drop, &c.
She laid the Cheese upon the Shelf, &c.
She let it alone till it turned it self, &c.
She hung on the Kettle without any Water, &c.
The Bottom fell out, and the Sides came after, &c.
She sweeps the House but once a Year, &c.
And then she tells me Brooms are dear, &c.
For Cleanliness she will not fail, &c.
Instead of the Vault makes use of a Pail, &c.
For mending of Cloaths I had like to forget, &c.
Instead of Patches she ties them in Knot, &c.
At the Ale-house she loves to tipple and fank, &c.
She seldom comes home until she be drunk, &c.
For Scolding her Part it good she did make, &c.
With any one of Billingsgate, &c.
A beartious Creature she is without doubt,
A tydy Hu wife, a tydy one,
For her Tawny Face is as round as a Colt,
Which makes her look like a tydy one.

Besides she has gotten a fine beetle Brow,
 a tydy Huswife, a tydy one,
 With a delicate Snout much like a Sow,
 which makes her look like a tydy one.

The tydy House-wife well match'd

M^y Husband of his Wife does cry,
 A tydy Huswife a tydy one,
 And he has as many Faults as I,
 And I think he proves a tydy one.
 Good People mind and you shall hear,
 Of a careful Husband a careful one,
 He paid for Water instead of Small beer,
 And I think he proves a careful one.
 Men came for Taxes for the King, &c.
 Instead of two Groats a Crown he did fling, &c.
 At the Tavern all Night he will be, &c.
 He drinks till he can neither go, speak nor see, &c.
 When all his Money is spent and gone, &c.
 He reels home by the Light of the Sun, &c.
 And when he to his Wife does come, &c.
 He thumps her Bones for what he hath done, &c.
 To save the Sheets from being tore, &c.
 He makes his Wife lie on the Floor, &c.
 Her squinting Eyes and his drivilling Chin, &c.
 With a Pair of Breeches bepist within, &c.
 Besides his Cleanliness is such, &c.
 He'll scarce out of his Bed to ease his Breech, &c.
 Each Day that he goes to work, &c.
 The Money he gets, he spends with a Firk &c.
 Oh! Women take care of Marrying with a Set, &c.
 You've heard by this Song what has been my Lot.

The

The Amorous Youth, or Coy Maiden,

AS I walk'd forth one Morning fair,
I lean'd my Body against a tree,
And there I spyed a well favour'd Lass,
As she came over the Plain to me.
She was as fair all in the Face,
As e're was Damsel under the Sun,
I asked her how old she was,
She answered me I am too young.
I am too young to make a VVife,
And I shall be a Shame to all my Kin,
Then prithee go from me, come to me no more,
For you are not like my Love to win.
I took her about the middle so small,
And upon the green Grass I laid her along;
For once for twice I served her so,
And I found she was never a Day too young.
Now you have had your VVill of me,
You have rob'd me of my Liberty,
To put me out of all Sorrow and Care,
Pray tell me when my VVedding day shall be,
For thy VVedding day take thou no care,
For I will ne're be married to thee,
For all the Pastime that e're I had,
You have had as good a Share as me.
For as you brew, so you may bake,
And I prithee Love do not carry too long,
But carry your great Belly home to your aunt,
And tell her you are never a Day too young.
For all the best Counsel I can give,
If you brew good Ale you must drink of the same.
And when you have done drink out of the Tun,
And carry the Tunnil-dish home again.

Love for Money: or, the Boarding School.

Make your Honours Miss, *Tol. Sec.*
Now to me Child, *Tol.*

Airy and easie, *Tol.*

Very well done Miss, *Tol.*

Raise up your Body,

Then you in time will rise, *Tol.*

Hold up your Head Miss, *Tol.*

Wipe your Nose Child, *Tol.*

When I press on you, *Tol.*

Fall back easie, Miss, *Tol.*

Keep out your Toes too, *Tol.*

Then you'll learn presently, *Tol.*

Bear up your Hips swimmingly, *Tol.*

Keep your Eyes languishing, *Tol.*

Zoons where's your Ears now? *Tol.*

Leave of your Jirking, *Tol.*

Keep your Knees open, *Tol.*

Else you will never do, *Tol.*

If you love me, Miss, *Tol.*

You shall dance rarely Child, *Tol.*

You are a Fortune, Miss, *Tol.*

And must be married, Child, *Tol.*

Give me your Money, Miss, *Tol.*

Then I will give you my ——— *Tol.*

Look upon me, Miss, *Tol.*

Hold in your Chin, Child, *Tol.*

Keep your Arms straight too, *Tol.*

Move along smoothly, *Tol.*

Crois over here, Miss, *Tol.*
Where are you running now ? *Tol.*

Zoons mind the Musick, *Tol.*
Give me your Hand now, *Tol.*
Where was your Copee there ? *Tol.*
Child, you mind nothing, *Tol.*
Come, do this o're again, *Tol.*
You may be perfect at ——— *Tol.*

Miss, where's your Quarteridge, *Tol.*
There's my good Child, Miss, *Tol.*
Come begin this again, *Tol.*
Very well done, Miss, *Tol.*
You will dance finely Child, *Tol.*
For you become it well, *Tol.*

Keep your Hand steady, Miss, *Tol.*
Thrust out your Breasts, Child, *Tol.*
Now you're a dainty Miss, *Tol.*
Hither to me Child, *Tol.*
Softly, your Honours now, *Tol.*
Walk to your Place, Madam, *Tol.*

*The Indian Weed : Or, a true Moral between Man's
Life and a Pipe of Tobacco.*

Tobacco it is an *Indian Weed*,
Grows green in the Morn, cut down at Eve,
Shows our Decay, that we are but Clay;
Think of this when you smoak Tobacco.
The Pipe that is so lilly white,
In which some Men do take Delight,
'Tis broke with a Touch, Man's Life is such,
Think of this, &c.

The Smoak which doth ascend so high,
Shows that we are but Vanity,
'Tis all earthly Stuff, and is gone with a Puff;

Think of this, &c.

The Pipe which is so foul within,
Shews how Mens Souls are stain'd with Sin,
It doth require to be purged with Fire,

Think of this, &c.

The Ashes that are left behind,
Is for to put us oft in Mind,
That we came from Dust, and return we must,

Think of this, &c.

Kentish Sport and Pastime under the Cherry Trees.

NOW the Weather is warm let us laugh and be
(merry ;
My Betty let us walk and taste of a Cherry ;
Then be not affrighted for thus we will do,
Thou shalt have my Cherry and Cherry-stones too.

Then use me not roughly, but prithee be kind,
I thought of such tricks, you had not been inclin'd ;
But since thou to me thy Mind dost declare,
VVe'll walk to the Place where the Cherry-trees are.

No sooner they came to sit under the Boughs,
But Betty she tax'd him for breaking of Vows ;
Quoth Johnny, don't say so, my Love it is true,
Thou shalt have my Cherry and Cherry-stones too.

And

And this is a Vow I am resolv'd to keep,
For a Maidenhead I will have, e're I do not sleep;
As soon as she heard him, she quickly was won,
And under the Cherry-tree there It was done.

Says *Betty*, oh will not these Cherries prove ill,
And be the Cause for my Belly to swell;
And many young Maidens has cause for to rue,
For eating of Cherries and Cherry-stones too.

Some Lads and Lasses they walked so near,
This gallant young Couple they did over-hear.
And came to behold them which when they did see,
They were all agog at the same Sport to be.

Under the green Trees each Lad took his Lass,
And laid them down softly upon the green Grass;
Such VVork there was done, the like never was
(known,
When *Robin* kiss'd *Margaret*, then *Tho.* kiss'd *Joan*.

VVhat follow'd these Joys, you may easily guess,
For their Bellies did swell, as they after confess;
VVhich brought their Disgrace, and quickly was
(known.
For each Lass had a Child, but Husband had none.

Such sighing and mourning that there was then,
For they said they would never love Cherries again;
The Cherries they lik'd but the Stones did not please,
For it made their Bellies to swell by degrees.
You Maidens of *Kent*, take Warning by this,
And be not so forward to hug nor to kiss;
VVe are the Fore-runners of Mischief indeed,
And for our past Follies our Hearts now do bleed.

For one Minutes Pleasure must we pay so dear,
 What is done in secret so plain must appear ;
 For I can't get a Husband do all that I can,
 And my Heart it will break for the Want of a Man.

*The Private Lovers: Or, Blow the Candle
 out.*

A Worthy London Prentice came to his Love by
 (night,
 The Candles they were lighted, the Moon did shine
 (so bright :
 He knocked at the Door to ease him of his Pain,
 She rose and let him in love and went to bed again.
 He went into the Chamber where his true Love did
 (lie,
 She quickly gave consent for to have his Company,
 She quickly gave consent, the Neighbours peeping
 (out,
 So take away your hand Love, let's blow the Can-
 (dle out.
 I would not for a Crown Love, my Mistress should
 (it know,
 I'll in my Smock step down Love, and out the Can-
 (dle blow,
 The Streets are so nigh; and the People walk about,
 Some may peep in and spy, Love let's blow, &c.
 My Master and my Mistress upon the Bed doth lie,
 Enjoying one another, why should not you and I?
 My Master kiss'd my Mistress without any Fear or
 (Doubt,
 And we'll kiss one another, Love let's, &c.

I pri-see speak more softly of what we have to do,
Lest that our Noise of talking should make our
(Pleasure rue,
For kissing one another will make no revel rout,
Then let us now be silent and blow, &c.
But yet he must be doing, he could no longer stay,
She strove to blow the Candle out, and push his
(Hand away,
The young Man was so hasty to lay his Arms
(about,
But yet she cry'd I pray Love let's blow, &c.
As this young Couple sported, the Maiden she did
(blow,
But how the Candle went out, alas I do not
(know,
Said she, I fear not now, Sir, my Master nor my
(Dame,
And what this Couple did Sirs, alas I dare not
(name.

*The downright Country Wooing, between
honest Roger the Plowman, and Sweet
Joan his beloved Jewel.*

YOur g Roger the Plowman was walking alone,
When 'twas his good Fortune to meet with
(sweet Joan.

And as she was dabling over the Dew,
And thus he began his old Suit to renew,
I pri-see sweet Jewel, my Joy and my Life,
I have a Desire to make thee my Wife,
If thou art but willing to give thy Consent,
For now to be marry'd my Mind's fully bent.

Quoth *Joan* there's two Words to a Bargain they
 Then talk not of Marriage dear *Roger* I pray, (say,
 A Maiden I am, and a Maiden I'll be,
 There's none in the World lives more happy than (we ;

For while I am single, I live at my Ease,
 But married, oh! then I have a Husband to please,
 VWhich may be is more than a Woman can do,
 Therefore I am unwilling to marry with you.

Quoth *Roger*, believe me, I'll never controul
 My *Joan*, my sweet Jewel the Joy of my Soul,
 If thou wilt but have me speak up do not spare,
 I must, and I will have a VVife I declare.

And *Joany* believe me I'd rather have you,
 Then *Bridget*, *Kate*, *Nancy*, *Doll*, *Jenny* or *Sue*.
 I cannot stay long, to my VVork I must go,
 Then tell me in short, will ye have me or no.

Thou seest I am able to handle my tongue,
 Far better than *Robin* when he was among
 The pretty sweet Lassies, fair, proper and tall ;
 Besides I have something to please thee withal.

Quoth *Joany*, dear *Roger*, I well understand,
 You have not much Money nor one Foot of Land,
 Nor any good thing that appears to my Sight,
 Then what must it be that can yield me Delight.

It is a fine Toy that is better than Gold,
 It quiets a Woman that's subject to scold,
 And make her as blithe as a Bird in a tree,

Then tell me sweet *Joan* wilt thou marry me.
 I guess at your Meaning sweet *Roger* she cry'd,
 But there are some things to be thought on beside,
 There's more goes to House-keeping when we are
 Then merely four naked Feet in a Bed. (wed,
 For House-keeping's chargeable, Fire and Food,
 Besides, if we happen to have a young Brood,

A Cradle and Blanket we must have in store,
With Soap, Coals and Candle, and twenty things
(more,

Then, then, there's a festival Gossiping made,
The Nurse, and the Midwife are both to be paid,
Besides the young Infant must still be maintain'd,
And thus the poor marry'd man's pockets are drain'd
And therefore dear Roger thy Liberty prize;
Consider these things and be merry and wise,
Your Charge and your Trouble take care to prevent,
For when 'tis once done, 'tis too late to prevent.

Joan let not these things ever trouble thy Head,
My dearest if thou art but willing to wed,
I'll make no great Question but I shall provide,
Both Soap, Coals and Candles, and all things beside.
I'll reap and I'll mow, and I'll Harrow and Sow,
Sometimes with my Wain to the market I'll go,
Through all kind of Weathers, and that thou shalt see,
I'll count it a Pleasure to labour for thee.

And as for my Children, each Daughter or Son,
I hope I shall do as my Parents have done;
Both feed and still keep them in constant repair,
By honest true Pains and industrious Care.

Now Joany I hope thou'lt be loving and kind,
Since I have been free to discover my mind;
No longer deny me, no longer say nay,
I never delighted in tedious delay.

Dear Roger thy VVords have conquered me so,
That I have no Power to answer thee no;
And therefore if thou wilt be loyal and true,
There's none in the world shall enjoy me but you.
My faithful affection thou need'st not to fear,
I cannot nor will not be false to my Dear;
But loyal for ever I hope to remain,
Thou shalt have no reason the least to complain,

This happy Agreement was sealed with a Kiss,
A Pledge or Token of a true Lover's Bliss;
Then married they were as 'tis very well known,
Thus ended the Wooing of Roger and Joan.

The jolly jolly Breeze, or charming
Cynthia's Sorrow for the Loss of cruel
Strephon.

THE jolly jolly Breeze,
That came whistling through the Trees,
Forth all a——ll her blissful Region brings,
Persu——mes upon her spiry Wings,
And with her wanton, wanton, wanton,
wanton, wanton, wanton Motion, (Rills,
Curling, curling, curling, curling, curling the Chrystal
that down, down, down, down, down, down the hills,
Are still still a running, still still a running, (purling,
Still still a running, still a running down the golden

A lovely charming Maid,
Whom Cupid had betray'd,
By the pur——ling stream sat lamenting for her Dear,
A blaming cruel Fate for being so severe,
Sighing said my Strephon he has left me,
Joy and pleasure, joy and pleasure, joy and pleasure,
Joy and pleasure I must bid adieu,
Since that that, that that, my love has prov'd untrue,
While I by this river, I by this river, I by this river,
I by this river, still am much oppress'd with sorrow.

There is no Torment sure,
Like to what I do endure,

Since

Since Sire ——— phon he does cause my grief and care,
For lo ——— ve I am in deep despair,
You powers, you powers, you powers,
You powers above, oh ! pity my condition,
Since my jewel, since my jewel, since my jewel,
Since my jewel he is so severe,
To leave, leave, leave, leave, leave his dearest Dear,
For to sigh and languish, sigh and languish, sigh
and languish, sigh and languish, by this Chrystal River.

He often promis'd me,
Most faithful for to be,
And ma ——— ny times he often wov'd and swore
That no ——— ne but me he did adore,
He had a thousand, thousand thousand,
Thousand thousand ways to win me,
With his charming, charming charming Tongue,
But soon soon soon soon soon this false forsworn,
Forgot all his Vows, forgot all
His Vows, forgot all his Vows, forgot
All the Vows, the Vows which formerly he made me.

For now this cruel he,
Has proved false to me,
And no ——— w on others does pursue,
And bi ——— ds his Cynthia quite adieu,
His cruelty, his cruelty, his cruelty,
His cruelty has prov'd my fatal Ruin,
Worldly treasures, joy and pleasures,
Now I bid farewell,
For by by by by by this puling stream I'll dwell,
I'll ever ever mourn, ever mourn,
Till Death doth end my sorrow.

The

The Comical Wooing between John and Betty.

Come hither sweet *Betty* and sit down by me,
This seven long Winters have I loved thee;
Then give me thy Answer if thou canst love me,
Or else say me nay my pretty *Betty*.

Your Eyes look a'quint, and your Nose stands awry,
Your Beard is all slobber'd and your Mouth's never
(dry,
Your Codpits unbutton'd, your Breeches bepiss'd,
A nasty action say what you list.

How now you proud Huswife who do you despise,
Your Laughing and Scoffing and telling of Lies.
How now you proud Huswife had you your desert,
You'd better be hang'd than ty'd to a Cart.

Stand further Mr. *Lobcock*, and trouble me not,
I had rather with Pistols or Guns to be shot,
To be run thro' with Rapiers and suffer Disgrace,
Than have such a *Lobcock* to breathe in my Face.

I prithe thee my *Betty* do not mistake me,
I am no *Lobcock* my dear Jewel said he,
I prithe thee lers marry my Joy and Delight,
Ne're fear but I'll manage thee well in the Night.

With that she consented for to be his Bride,
And in short time after their Knot it was ty'd.
And that day in Joy and great Pleasure they spent,
And when Night was come to Bed they both went.

Next

Next Morning so soon as Day light did appear,
 Came some of their Neighbours, who then lived
 (near,
 They asked how she did like her new Bed-fellow
 Her answer was, he is a delicate Man: (John,

Nay Bels shall I tell you my Wine-broach was
 (grown,
 Much out of order with my lying alone,
 So long as I did; but my John with his Key,
 Hath put it again into Order for me.

So soon as he had the Strings in tune set,
 He plaid so sweet on it which made me to swear,
 To keep the right Steps, for the Jig he did play,
 It was a quick Jig call'd the Irish Hay.

The Happy Pair.

I Anthe the lovely the Joy of her Swain,
 I By Iphis was lov'd and lov'd Iphis again,
 She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair,
 Their pleasure was equal, and equal their care,
 No time no enjoyment their dotage withdrew,
 But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
 Still the fonder they grew.

A Passion so happy allarm'd all the Plain,
 Some envied the Nymph, but more envied the Swain,
 Some swore 'twould be pity their Loves to invade
 That the Lovers alone for each other was made,
 But all consented that none ever knew
 A Nymph yet so kind, a Nymph yet so kind,
 or a Sheppard so true.

For in the beginning of Love we do find,

They

*They strove in their Love which should prove still most
 The Swain and the Nymph by the dawn of the day, (kind.
 With innocent Love pass the Minutes away,
 In each others Arms give these Lovers their due,
 They always were constant, they always were constant,
 and always were true.*

*And several Years their true Love has gone on,
 And they are as fond as when first they begun.
 No end there's of loving the Nymph (he does cry,
 No, no, says the Shepherd, I'll love till I die,
 So loving this Pair was, so constant and true,
 That the longer they lov'd, that the longer they lov'd,
 still the fonder they grew.*

*Love saw 'em with Pleasure, and vow'd to take care
 Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent Pair,
 What either did want he bid either to have,
 But they wanted nothing but ever to love,
 Said 'twas all that to bless them his god head could do,
 That they still might be kind, that they still might be
 and they still might be true. (kind,*

The Happy Groves.

O H happy, happy Groves,
 Witnesses of our tender Loves,
 O happy, happy Shades,
 where first our Vows we made,
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
 Locks would charm a Jove,
 A thousand pretty things she said;
 and all was Love:
 But Corina perjur'd proves,
 and forsakes the shady Groves:
 When I speak of mutual Joys,
 she knows not what I mean.

Wanton

Wanton Glances, fond Caresses,
now no more are seen,
Since the false deluding Fair
left the flow'ry Green.
Mourn ye Nymphs that Sporting play'd,
where poor Strephon was betray'd;
There the secret Wound she gave,
when I was made her Slave.
I never never knew
what the Power of Love could do,
Till Beauty from her Eyes
did seize me by Surprise.
Beauty full of Angels Glory,
then the Dart I felt,
Thus was I taught the Way to love,
my Soul did melt.
Then with Lovers Wings I flew;
from my present Station, to
Fair Corina, whom I see
on the Rural Plain;
Me with Kisses and Caresses
she did entertain;
But she's false and perjured now,
and my Hopes are vain:
O the Anguish of my Mind
keeps my yielding Soul confin'd,
Tho' she does unconstant prove,
I must live and die in Love.
I will wander for her sake, since she will no pity take
tho' many deserts there, with sighs of sad despair,
Many Valleys, Hills and Mountains. shall with Grief
(resound,
no fatal Dart did ever make so deep a Wound.
In a Lovers Breast before, she will not my joys restore
then I must her Captive be, and devoted Slave,
Sighing

Sighing, weeping, never sleeping, till I find the
 (Grave,
 Since of Love I am deny'd, no Joys I have,
 In her arms my Rival lies, having gained now the
 (Prize,
 It will my Destruction prove, so farewell the Joys
 (of Love.

A Trip to the Jubilee: Or, the Jovial Companions Mirth and Pastime.

(1)

Come bring us VVine in Plenty,
 We've Money enough to spend,
 I hate to see the Pot empty,
 a Man can't drink to his Friend,
 Then Drawer bring us more Wine,
 and merrily let it pass,
 We'll drink till our Faces do shine,
 and he that won't may look like an ass,
 And we'll tell him to his Face,
 If he offers to baulk his Glas,
 For we defy all such dull Society.

(2.)

'Tis Drinking makes us merry,
 an Mirth diverts our Care,
 A Song of hey down derry
 is better than heavy air,
 Make ready quickly brave Boys,
 and fill up your Glasses higher,
 For we'll present with Huzzahs,

And

And merrily all give Fire,
Since Drinking's our Desire,
And Friendship we admire;
For here we'll stay, and ne're call what's to pay.

(3)

Like valiant Sons of Thunder,
we'll charge with two in hand,
The VWorld we'll fill with VVonder,
while *Bacchus* bears Command,
Then never be daunted but drink,
since VVine does inspire the Soul,
There's none but Cowards will shrink,
from taking the chearful Bowl,
Let VVeahter be fair or foul,
The Bottles of VVine shall roul,
For we will be merry at this Jubilee.

(4)

Let Misers hoard their Treasure,
and worship their Bags of Gold,
Deny themselves of Pleasure,
while Merriment we behold;
VVith merry Companions still,
we value not our Expences,
The Bottles and Glasses fill,
for VVine will refresh the Senses,
From which our Joy commences,
It chears the Hearts of Princes,
Since it is so, let Wine like Fountains flow.

(5) VVine

(5)

Wine is the best Physician,
to cure a distemper'd Heart,
It alters Man's Condition,
that's under the greatest Smart ;
Though heavy and dull before,
When *Bacchus* his Cheeks has glow'd
He'll riple and call for more,
Resolving to have his Load,
No Grief shall with him abroad,
He's merry and a la-mode,
this Wine can do, such Doctor's there's but few.

(6)

Away with wanton Women,
that often procures a Clap,
Tho' Wine sets Brains a swimming,
we settle them with a Nap :
Then then we are fresh again,
for making the Tavern ring,
We'll drink to our Gracious Queen,
And Sonnets we'll sweetly sing,
Like Birds in the blooming Spring,
Thus Mirth and Joy shall Grief and Care destroy.

Celladon's

Celladon's Courtship.

Celladon when Spring came on,
woo'd *Sylvia* in a Grove,
Both gay and young, and still he sung
the sweet Delights of Love :
Wedded Joys in Girls and Boys,
and pretty chat of this and that,
The honey Kiss and charming Bliss
that crowns the Marriage Bed,
He snatch'd her Hand, she blush'd and fann'd,
and seem'd as if afraid,
Forbear, she cries, your fawning Lies,
I've vow'd to die a Maid.
Celladon, at that begun
to talk of Apes in Hell,
And what was worse, the odious Curse
of growing old and stale ;
Loss of Bloom, when Wrinkles come,
and Offers kind, when none will mind,
The rosie Joy and sparkling Eye
grown faded and decayed :
At which when known she chang'd her tone,
and to the Shepherd said,
Dear Swain give o're, I'll think once more,
before I'll die a Maid.
Since she knew his Words were true,
that charming Creature cry'd,
Dear Shepherd Swain, do not disdain
to sit down by my side,
Here on the Grass, where we will pass
the time away with Melody ;
And Kisses sweet, I'll not retreat,
true Love must be obey'd ;

For

For being young, your charming Tongue
 has my soft Heart betray'd,
 And breaks my Rest, I do protest
 I will not die a Maid.
 I'll reveal what Flames I feel,
 which does my Joys consume,
 A fatal Dart has touch'd my Heart,
 and withers Beauty's Bloom :
 Altho' 'tis strange, a sudden Change,
 is wrought in me since first I see,
 Thy comely Grace approach this Place ;
 Cupid his Part has plaid,
 With arrows keen, since on this Green
 we have together staid,
 Dear Love behold for Crowns of Gold,
 I would not die a Maid.
 Then he took with chearful Look
 fair *Sylvia* in his arms,
 Like Lovers they began to play,
 she yielded up her Charms
 To *Celladon*, for he had won
 the darling Prize, whose rowling Eyes
 Appear'd as bright as Stars by Night ;
 while sighing, thus she said ;
 I needs must own, to lie alone,
 I shall be much afraid ;
 VVelcome my Dear, for as I am here,
 I will not die a Maid.
 Here's my Hand for all the Land
 that *Alexander* won,
 And Jewels bright, I will not slight
 my dearest *Celladon*,
 Thou hast my Heart we'll never part,
 while Life remains, the best of Swains,

Thou

Thou art I know, come let us go
unto the Church she said,
Where we will wed and then to Bed,
where *Sylvia* being laid,
You know the rest, for I protest,
I will not die a Maid.

*The Lancashire Bag-piper, and the
Pedlar Woman his Wife : Sung at
Mynn's Booth in Bartholomew-
Fair.*

Man. **B**lowzabella my bouncing Doxy,
come let's trudge it to *Kirkham-fair*.

There's stout Liquor enough to fox me,
and young Cullies to buy thy VVare.

Wom. Mind your Matters, ye Sor, without meddling,
how I manage the Sale of my Toys:

Get by piping as I do by pedling,
you need never want me for Supplies.

Man. God-z-mercy, my Sweeting,

I find thou think'st fitting,

To hint of this twitting,

I owe thee a Crown.

Wom. Though for that I've been staying,

A greater Debt's paying,
will never compound.

Man. I'll come home when my Pouch is full,
and soundly pay thee all old Arrears,

Wom. You'll forget it your Pate's so dull,
as by late drowfie Neglect appears.

Man. May the Drone of my Bag never hum,

if

if I fail to remember my Blouze.

Wom. May my Buttocks be e'ry ones Drum,
if I think thou wilt pay me a Soufe.

Man. Squeakum. squeakum, Bagpipe will make 'em,
whisking, frisking, Money bring in.

Wom. Smoaking Topping, Landlady Groaping,
Whores and Scores will spend it again.

Man. By the best that I guess in the Town,
I swear thou shalt have e'ry Groat.

Wom. By the worst that a Woman e're found,
if I have it will signifie nought.

Man. If good Nature works no better,
Blowzabella I'd have you to know,
Though you fancy my Stock is so low,
I've more Rhino than always I show,
For some good Reasons of State that I know.

Wom. Since your Cheating I always knew,
For my Ware I got something too,
I've more Sense than to tell to you.

Man. Singly then let's employ Wit,
I'll use Pipe as my Gain does hit.

Wom. And if I new Chapmen get,
You'll be easie too.

Man. Easie as any worn out Shoe.

Chorus of both.

Free and Frolick we'll couple gratis,
thus we'll show all the human Race,
That the best of the Marriage State is,
Blowzabella's and *Collin's* Case.

Reader, this Book which I prefer to you,
Is fill'd with pleasant Mirth and Profit too.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of some Books lately printed for Thomas Norris, Bookseller, at the Looking-glass, on London-bridge.

Ayre's Arithmetick, a Treatise designed for the Use and Benefit of Tradesmen, wherein the Nature and Use of Fractions, both Vulgar and Decimal, are taught by the new and easie Method: Also, the Art of Measuring.

The Accomplished Ladies rich Closet of Rarities; or, the ingenious Gentlewomen and Servant-maids delightful Companion: Containing many excellent things for the Accommodation of the Female Sex; as the Art of Stilling, Preserving, Conserving, Cookery, Directions to young Gentilewomen, as to their Behaviour and seemly Deportment in Conversation.

The Famous History of Amadis of Greece; or, the Renowned Knight of the Burning Sword.

The English Fortune-Teller.

The History of Parismus and Parismarus.

Six Sermons: viz. 1. Of the Unpardonable Sin against the Holy Ghost: Or, the Sin unto Death. 2. The Accepted Time and Day of Salvation. 3. The End of Time, and the Beginning of Eternity. 4. Joshua's Resolution to serve the Lord. 5. The Way to Heaven made plain. 6. The Future State of Man: Or a Treatise of the Resurrection. By Robert Russell at Wadhurst in Suffex. To which is added the Principles of the Christian Religion. By an eminent Divine.

A Companion for Children and Youth: Or, a little Book for Children in three Parts. Good Counsel and Instructions for Children; exhorting them to resist the Temp.

Temptations of the Devil, whilst Young. With Nine Lessons instructing young People what they shall do to inherit eternal Life. With a Catechism and Prayer for Children. 2. Describing who they are that are good Children, and who they are that are wicked Children. With a Dialogue between a good Mother and a naughty Girl, also a Dialogue between good and naughty Children. 3. A Dialogue between VVilliam and Betty, on serving God, and keeping holy the Sabbath-day; and a Dialogue with their Play-fellows, tending to the same End. To which is added, the Christian's blessed Choice, being a Discourse on Luke 1. ver. 41, 42. fitted for the Capacity of Children. By Robert Ruffel of VVadhurst in Suffex.

¶ VVhere all Champen may be furnished with all Sorts of Books and Ballads at reasonable Rates.

M





